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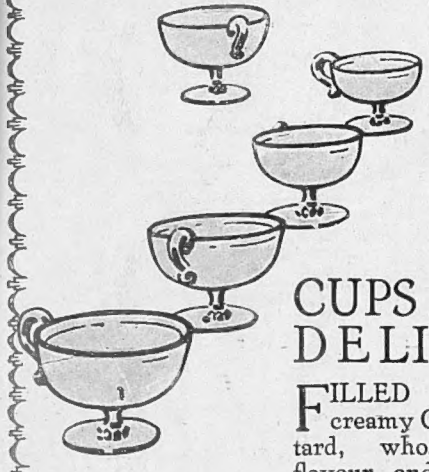

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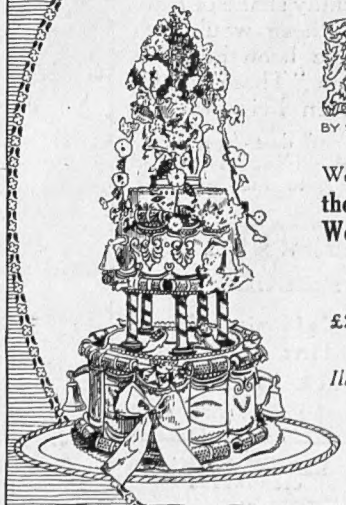

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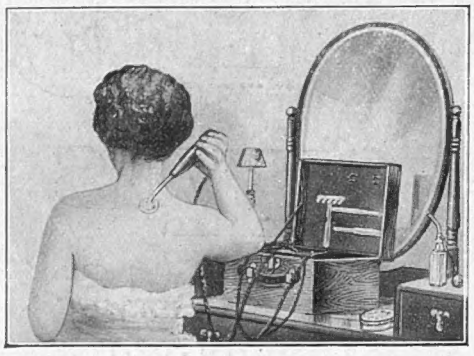

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This attractive Princess Petticoat is cut on entirely new lines to give the straight silhouette so essential for the present day fashion. It is made from heavy quality crêpe de Chine, and is particularly suitable for wearing under Knitted Frocks, Tennis Frocks, etc., etc.

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Lengths from shoulder, 48, 50 and 51 inches.

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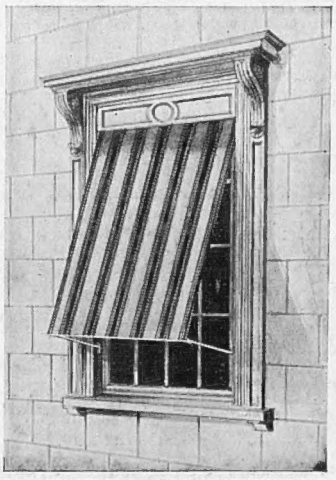

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WALPOLE BROTHERS (LONDON) LTD.

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NEW "WALPOLE" SPRING MODEL

B S 1.—Smart Spring Frock of Striped Silk Crepe de Chine, with the band on the hips, fastened each side with 2 pearl buttons accentuating its long graceful lines. The roll collar of Ivory Crepe de Chine, and the ¾ sleeves with turn back of the same material finished with button are charming additions. In the excellence of the silk, cut and finish lies its great value. Colours: China Blue, Cherry, Tan, Nigger, Lemon, Black, Helio, Navy.

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BS1

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SINGER

THE days of fur coats, woollen wraps and unsightly goggles for motoring are finally relegated to the past by the introduction of the new SINGER models. A cleverly designed combination of side screens and hood gives complete saloon comfort when conditions are unfavourable, and in good weather with the hood lowered the rigid side screens still give perfect protection from draughts and side winds.

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All the above cars have Dunlop Tyres and Rotax Equipment.

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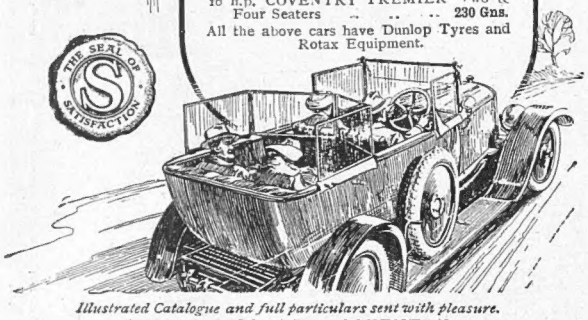

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"Challenging Nature to a duel!
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"SESAME" opens a New Chapter in Permanent Waving and Curling

IT IS THE MAGIC SYSTEM AND THE JEWEL OF MARCEL'S ART

MARCEL'S "SESAME" method surpasses any other system and makes all former methods obsolete.

In your Crown's interest insist on "SESAME." It is good for every type of hair.

"SESAME" abolishes the objections in permanent waving.

NO Borax, Pads, Tubes, Pliers, Stretchers, &c., are used.

So sympathetic is the 'SESAME' System to all hair that White, Dyed, Bleached and very fine hair may be "SESAME" waved or curled with the best possible results.

"SESAME" Patents Pending.

MARCEL'S "SESAME" transforms, with perfect safety, straight hair to beautiful wavy tresses, *within a short time period until now thought impossible, AND WITH PERFECT COMFORT.*

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JEAN METELSKI, Lloyd St., LLANDUDNO
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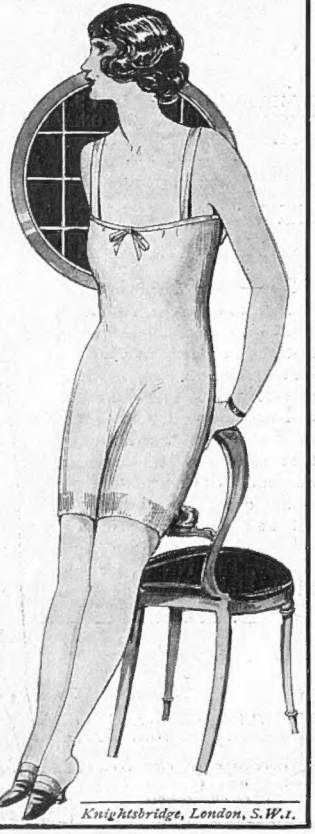
And all First-class Hairdressers and Stores.

If unable to obtain in your district, write for address of nearest Agent.

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

EXCEPTIONAL VALUE IN WOVEN UNDERWEAR

Hosiery Dept. Ground Floor



Fine gauze silk and wool combinations, *Scotch make, soft and of extremely silky appearance. Reinforced seats. Opera shape with kilt legs as sketch or low neck with ribbed arms.*

PRICE
21/9 per pair

With ordinary leg reaching just below knee.
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Write for new illustrated booklet of Fashionable Underwear and Hose, post free.

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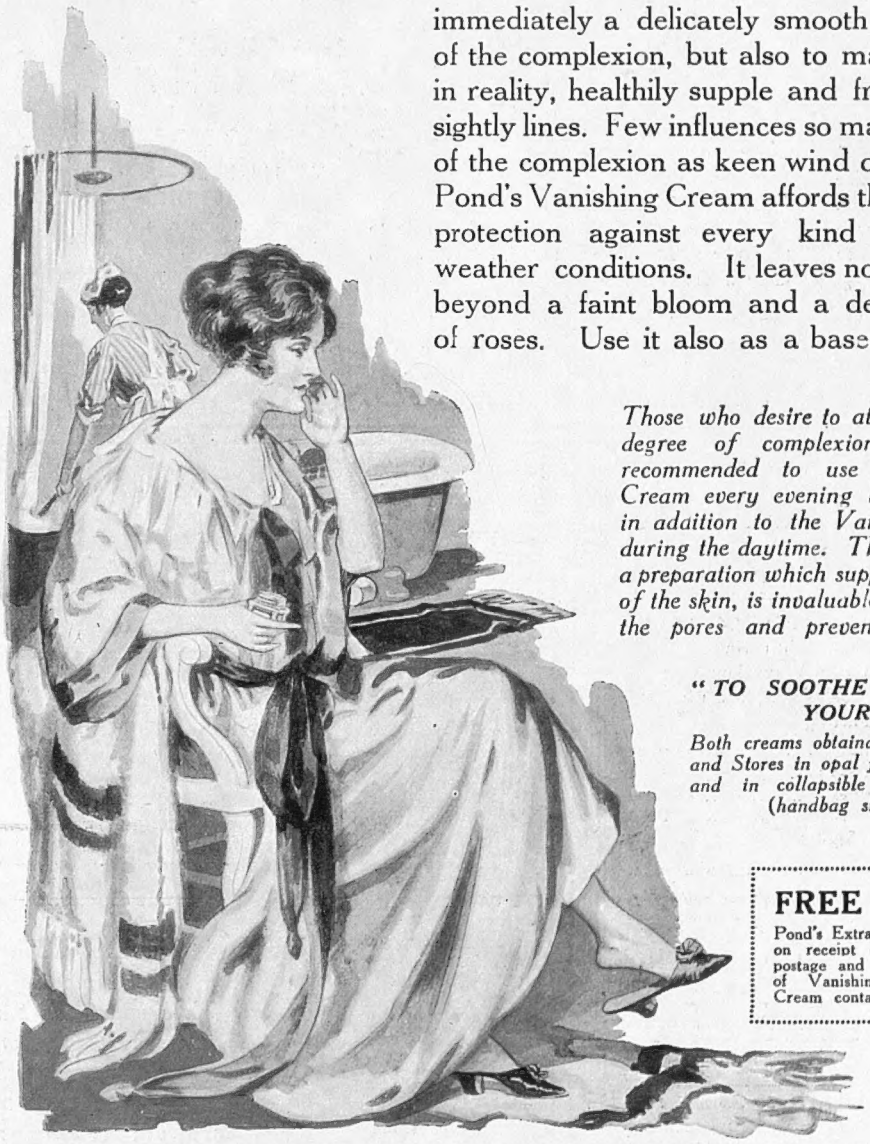
the skin of the face, shoulders and arms is in a particularly receptive state to benefit by the application of Pond's Vanishing Cream.

The effect of this cream is not only to produce immediately a delicately smooth appearance of the complexion, but also to make the skin, in reality, healthily supple and free from unsightly lines. Few influences so mar the beauty of the complexion as keen wind or strong sun. Pond's Vanishing Cream affords the skin great protection against every kind of adverse weather conditions. It leaves no trace of use beyond a faint bloom and a delicate odour of roses. Use it also as a base for powder.



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"TO SOOTHE AND SMOOTH YOUR SKIN"

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Pond's Vanishing Cream

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No. 112 B.M.—**A PRETTY CLOCHE HAT** of Crepe de Chine in two contrasting colours. Black with Grey; Brown with Buff; Navy with Cerise, Fuchsia or Grey; Cinnamon with Sand.

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FULLY TRIMMED HATS CANNOT BE SENT ON APPROVAL.

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LIFELIKE TRANSFORMATIONS
ANY STYLE TO ORDER

Which add charm and distinction to the appearance. Price according to quantity of Hair, **£4 17 6, £3 12 9,** and **£2 10 9.** With Natural Skin Parting, from **£6 6 0.** Beautiful Wavy Toupets with Natural Skin Parting, from **£2 10 9,** according to depth of Parting.

Switches of Pure Human Hair. Any length to order.

16 inches	5/9	22 inches	15/9
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28 inches.	37/9		

Grey or Light Shades extra.

A pattern of hair and remittance must accompany each order.

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BLOUSE COATEES

OF EXCLUSIVE DESIGN

Attractive Coatee *in a new fine woollen fabric, with front panel embroidered with wool in gay colours. Finished on hip with bow of ribbon. In Ivory, Lemon, Light Mole, and Rose.*

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ATTRACTIVE KNITTED DRESSES FOR PRESENT WEAR

We have now in stock a wonderful variety of Knitted Dresses which have been specially designed for Spring wear. They are made on new lines, perfect fitting, attractive and becoming, and at the same time practical and useful. The Dress illustrated is made from a mixture of artificial silk and wool, and is extremely moderate in price

KNITTED DRESS (as sketch) made from a mixture of artificial silk and wool with stripes and edging of artificial silk, in a good range of softly blended colours for Spring wear.

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Morning Coat and Vest, fashioned in the very latest style, in good quality Black Vicuna, excellently cut and finished.

£5

Striped Cashmere Trousers of reliable quality, 27/-, 32/-, 39/- and 49/-

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Perfect workmanship. Dependable materials. Popular prices.

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Price **65/-**

Attractive Straw and Ribbon Hat, finished with bow at back. In Rose, Almond Green, and Golden Brown.

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Dainty Petticoat (as sketch) made in good quality printed Shantung or natural ground with various coloured designs, cut on generous lines for full figures, suitable for sports wear, with deep kilted frill.

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Length 32, 35
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Ladies' Pure Silk Milanese Vests, excellent for washing and wear. Full-length, plain hemstitched finish, ribbon shoulders. In White, Pink, Sky, Mauve, Lemon.

Price **14/9**

Super quality **23/9**

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Useful Princess Petticoat in rich quality crepe de Chine, cut on becoming long lines, trimmed rows of hemstitching and hand-embroidered design. In Black, Grey, Navy, Nigger, Ivory, Mastic, Pink, Honey.

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Boudoir Jacket to match,

£5 19 6

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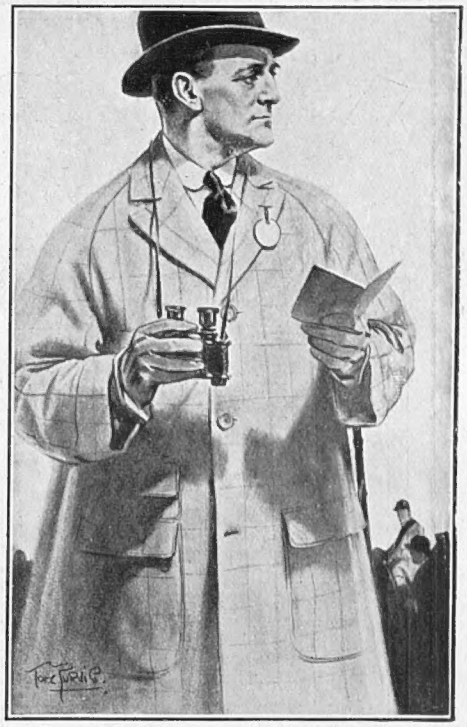

A Race Coat which garbs in comfort, protects from rain, counters chill, adds gaiety to the scene, and yet can be worn in Town—to wit, pure new wool and weatherproof "Aquascutum."

"AQUASCUTUM" suggests the jauntiest of Rain Coats for ladies and gentlemen, especially in bright-hued Aquascutum cloths, with gaily tinted over checks, while there are subdued shades, with and without checks—appropriate for Town or Country wear.

For quality, reliability, usefulness and econony, one cannot do better than invest in an "Aquascutum" pure new wool weatherproof. Price from **6 Gns.** Field Coats from **3½ Gns.**

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ESTABLISHED 1851.

126 REGENT ST. LONDON W.

Please note temporary address during rebuilding.

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SOFT but STRONG,

yielding yet retaining their graceful shape—these are some features that make Dent's the gloves you should choose on all occasions. It is worth while to look for the "D" or "Dent's" inside the wrist.

Ask to see these gloves at any draper's, hosier's or glover's.

THREE-BUTTON KID. THREE-BUTTON SUEDE.
These gloves are warm, light, and fashionable—ideal for town use. Smart to the finger tips, they keep their shape and are easily cleaned.

DENT'S MOCHA GLOVES. DENT'S CAPE GLOVES.
These gloves are warmer. Some of the most popular gloves of the day, remarkably strong and comfortable, and suitable for town or country use. For men, women, and children, in many attractive shades of grey and tan.

DENT'S
Glovers to the World

Twilfit Regd.

LATEST MODEL ABDOMINAL BELT CORSET

MODEL 7272.

"Twilfit" Reducing Uplifting Surgical Belt Corset, with durable elastic underbelt 8 ins. deep, specially constructed to help and control the figure. The belt is fitted with a special light weight busk. The Corset is in White Coutil, and fitted throughout with "Twilfit" Unbreakable Spiral Steels and Fully Guaranteed.

Sizes 24 to 32 ins., Price 15/11

Sizes 33 to 40 ins., Price 16/11

Money returned if not approved.

Booklet of latest Models free on request.

Daily Display of the latest Models at Special West-End Distributing House

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Manufacturers:

CHAS. LEETHEM & Co., Arundel Factory, PORTSMOUTH

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

NEW GEORGETTE TEA FROCKS AT MODERATE PRICES

Graceful Tea Frock *in good quality georgette, bodice made with shoulder cape effect. Overskirt forming drapery at side finished with brilliant clasp. In Black and all Colours.*

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£6 16 6

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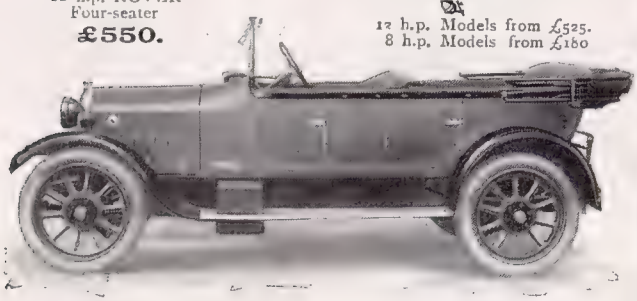

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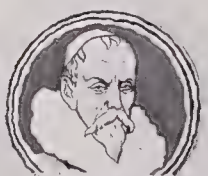

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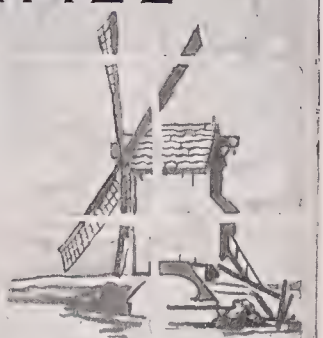

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The Bystander, April 18, 1923 No. 1011. Vol. LXXVIII.

The BYSTANDER

Drawn by Alan Stern at a special sitting for THE BYSTANDER

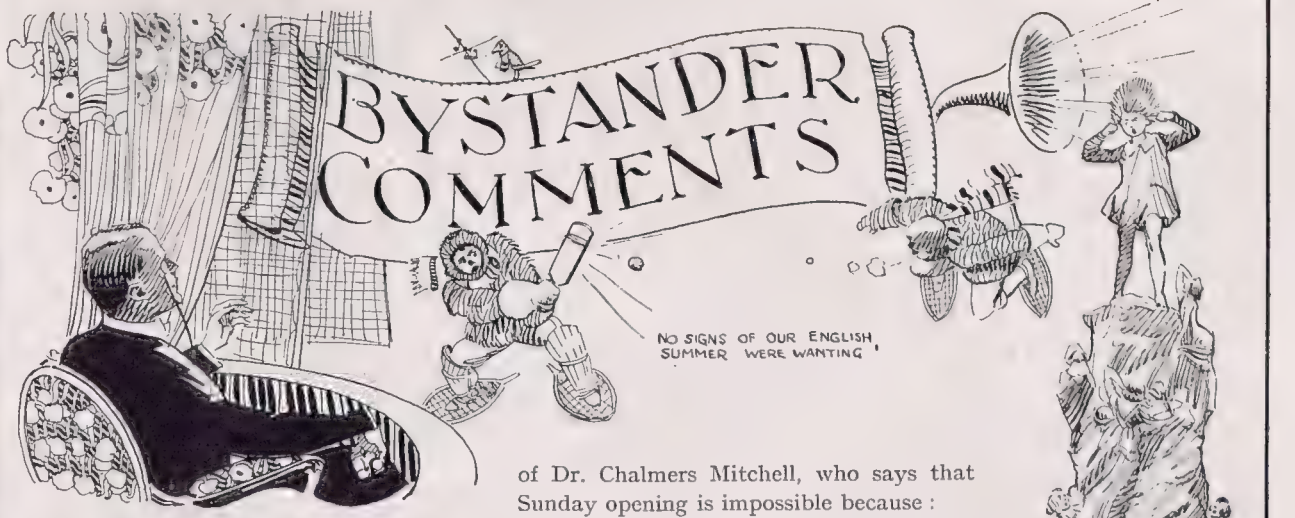
LADY TERRINGTON

The wife of the second Lord Terrington, is an active political and social worker. She unsuccessfully contested the Wycombe Division of Bucks in the Liberal cause at the last election, being beaten in a three-cornered contest

Big Berthe Battling Siki

BY E. T. REED

Unless something's done to harness Siki's surplus energy, his predilection for "battling" in unsuitable places will do more damage to Paris than a German bombardment



"All the World's a Stage"

Cricket Prospects

On the day that cricket practice started on the county grounds snow was falling, and it was so cold that people were eating ices to keep themselves warm. No signs of our English summer were wanting, and it was pleasant to sit before the blazing logs, pondering on the possibilities of the coming season. Nothing very spectacular is promised, but many of the oldsters are thinking of retiring, and it should be a busy time in the nurseries. Somehow or other, we have got to discover a really hot test team by 1924.

Pathos and Bathos

Can you imagine anything more awful than wireless concerts in our public parks? The installation of a "loud speaker" in the open air seems to touch the height of pathos and the depth of bathos. Certainly, if this awful thing comes to pass, the limit of human endurance will have been reached. The suggestion has been seriously considered by the Hornsey Council for one of their recreation grounds. Horrible!

The Sunday Zoo

Quite a lot of people must have wondered why the Zoo is closed to the general public on Sunday—the one day on which they can attend in really large numbers. I have often wondered this myself, and I welcome the explanation of Dr. Chalmers Mitchell, who says that Sunday opening is impossible because:

(*a*) The animals would be hopelessly over-fed.
(*b*) It would take three or four days to clear up after the crowds.
(*c*) The exclusive use of the Gardens on Sunday is the only return the members get for their subscriptions.

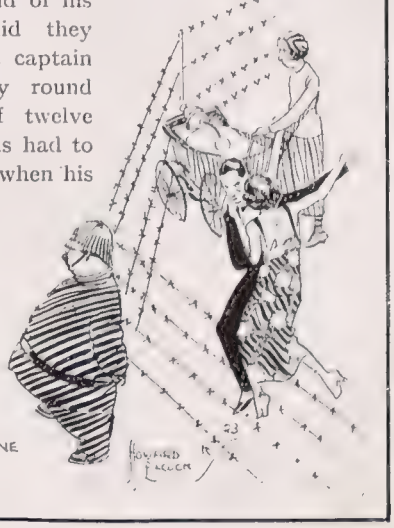
Buns and Bears

The first of these explanations is so convincing that I rather wish Dr. Mitchell had not weakened his case by dragging in the other two. If I were a member, it would not spoil my pleasure to visit the Gardens during the week, when a lot of kiddies were sharing my enjoyment. And the clearing up of the Sunday aftermath should not present such serious difficulties. But the over-feeding of Bruin the Bear is quite another story.

Are We Going Mad?

There are pessimists who would have us believe that the world is going mad because dancing partners endeavour to gyrate for twenty-four hours at a stretch and a few idiotic women push perambulators from London to Brighton. Yet these same pessimists do not condemn the member of the 'Varsity eight who falls back in the boat at the end of his superhuman effort. Neither did they endeavour to ridicule the gallant captain who drove a car continuously round Brooklands for two periods of twelve hours each, even though his hands had to be taken from the steering-wheel when his task was accomplished.

(*Continued on page 17*)



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APOLLO. (Ger. 6970). PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY in "A ROOF AND FOUR WALLS."
A Comedy by E. Temple Thurston.
NIGHTLY at 8.30. MATINÉES, WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY at 2.30.

DALY'S. (Ger. 201) 2nd Year of
THE LADY OF THE ROSE.
Huntley Wright, Harry Welchman, Ivy Tresmand, Phyllis Dare.
Evenings at 8.15. Matinées, Wednesday and Saturday at 2.15.

GAIETY. (Ger. 2780). JOSÉ COLLINS in "THE LAST WALTZ" by Oscar Straus.
The ROBERT EVETT Production.
NIGHTLY at 8.15. MATINÉES, THURSDAY and SATURDAY at 2.30.

GLOBE. (Ger. 8724). Mgr. MARIE LÖHR.
Evenings at 8.30. Matinées, Wednesday and Saturday at 2.30
"AREN'T WE ALL?"
MARIE LÖHR. ELLIS JEFFREYS.

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"LOVE IN PAWN." A Play by Roy Horniman.
Evenings at 8.30. Matinées, Thursday and Saturday at 2.30.

NEW. (Reg. 4466).
Nightly, 8.30. Matinées, Wednesday and Saturday at 2.30.
MATHESON LANG in THE BAD MAN.
H. O. Nicholson, Florence Saunders, Alfred Drayton.

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

Asking Questions

WHERE is the dividing line to be drawn between legitimate sport and sheer lunacy? Why is it right to drive a car for twenty-four hours, and wrong to dance for a similar period? Is there a touch of snobbery about it? Why should the retired Colonel swell with pride when his son is "all in" at the end of a race and go purple with indignation when some lesser mortal endeavours to exhibit his powers of endurance in another direction?

Interesting Americans

DURING the past two or three days I have been hobnobbing with some very interesting American visitors. They were all enthusiasts in their particular lines; full of appreciation for London and modest to a degree. I don't stress this last point because they came from the Land of the Dollar. I did not expect them to be otherwise; but I mention it because it was, perhaps, their leading characteristic.

Paul Whiteman—

MY first American was Paul Whiteman, who has brought his famous dance band to the Hippodrome. I suppose we were all just a little prejudiced against Mr. Whiteman — for no reason in particular. We heard that he was getting £750 a week, and we imagined a tumult of discords being handed over weekly in return for that astonishing cheque. Even his photographs suggested something too vitally American for our more sober taste. These points are mentioned in order that fuller justice may be done to Mr. Whiteman and his merrie men. They are a wonderful musical fraternity; they have won the appreciation of our leading musicians in the face of all prejudice, and Paul himself is a great big shy boy who has won the hearts of most of the people who count.

—And George Marion

MY other American — I suppose he *is* an American—is George Marion, who opened at the Strand Theatre in *Anna Christie*, the Eugene O'Neill barge play, on Tuesday evening. The critics have told us all about his stage work—of his private personality it is only possible to speak in terms of positive affection. I am not holding any particular brief for this fine play, but I hope it will run a year if only to ensure that I shall be meeting George Marion now and again during the next twelve months. So long as America sends us such men, I am all for the importation of her more carefully selected dramatic output.

Wise Men of Willesden

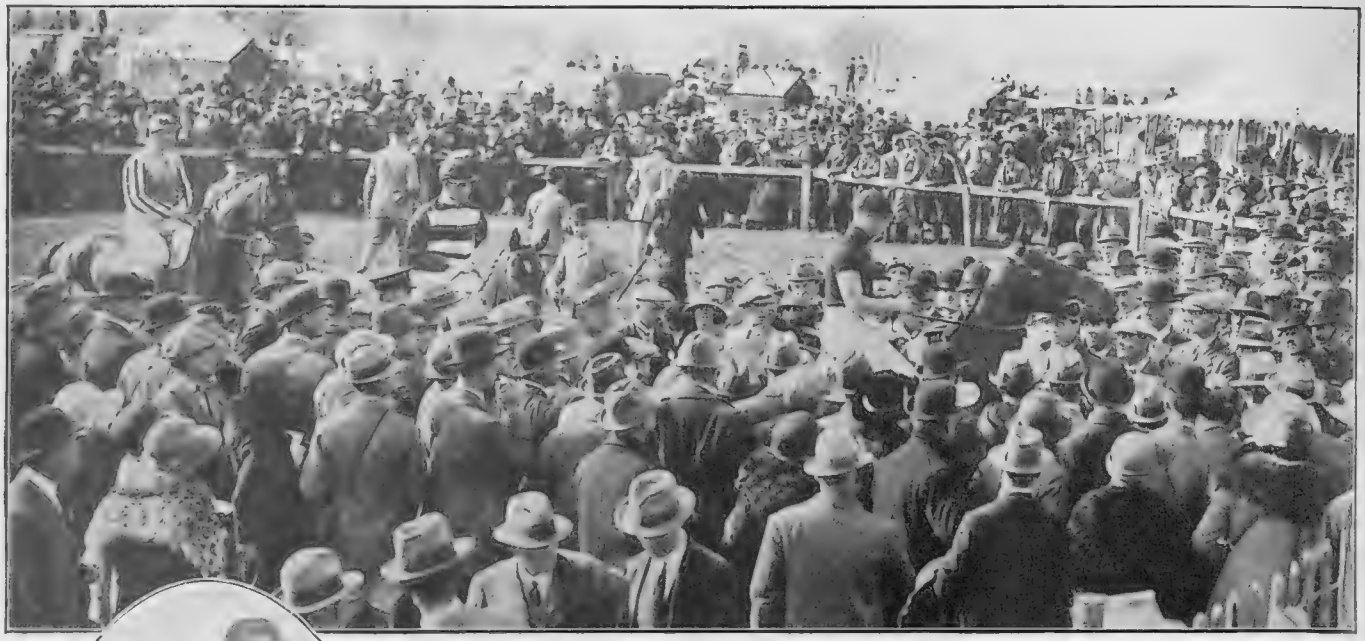
IT is a great comfort to me to know that, though I may not covet my neighbour's ox, I may chase his cat. For this relief I have to thank the Willesden magistrates, and if my neighbour's cat hasn't heard of the ruling of these wise men of Willesden it will very soon know about it. If my neighbour doesn't like it, he has an alternative — let him go to Luxor and reconstruct those happy days when Tutankhamen was on the throne, and the cat, being a sacred animal, was immune from the sort of thing I am going to do to *his* cat on the first opportunity.

"CONSERVATIVE CARPENTRY" By Chas. Grave

Bonar: "I think this needs strengthening a bit"

Folly to Forget

ALTHOUGH I don't give a row of beans for the political aspect of the problem, my sympathies are with those who claim that something must be done for the British farmer and the British farm labourer. So long as a man has the ability to farm his land to the best advantage, he has a right to demand a return for his labours, the only alternative being a derelict countryside and a country that is dependent upon the outside world for its very existence. This was the one vital lesson taught by the war—a lesson that it would be folly to forget.



Photograph *G. P. U.*

WITH THE ROYAL FAVOURITE UP

The Prince of Wales leaving the paddock after the 12th Lancers' Challenge Cup Race, which he won on the disqualification of Annie Darling at the Beaufort Point-to-Point at Alderton. He is riding Kinlark, the Australian thoroughbred presented to him, it will be remembered, during his Australian tour

Photograph *Sport and General*

AN UNINTERRUPTED VIEW

Lady Mary Thynne (left), youngest daughter of the Marquess of Bath, and Lady Margaret Lindsay, the Earl of Crawford's eldest daughter, watching the races from the roof of their car at the Beaufort Point-to-Point

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

A Widespread Wish

EVERYBODY delights in the Prince of Wales's sportsmanship, but there is an increasing uneasiness amongst the lieges when H.R.H. goes a-steeplechasing. Each spill might have been something much more serious, and most folk feel that so great a national and Imperial asset should not be imperilled by stiff fences and water jumps.

It is hard on the Prince, but then he is not in the position of other men, and since he has proved that he can ride to win, all the sporting and racing folk join issue with the ordinary folk in hoping that he may be persuaded to cut the hazard of steeplechasing.

Contrast and Difference

PRINCESS YOLANDA, of Italy, in marrying the man of her heart, Count Calvi di Bergolo, has renounced her royal rank and title of Royal Highness. But upon the engagement of Princess Geneviève d'Orléans to the Comte de Chaponay, the Duke d'Orléans, as head of the Bourbon-Orléans family and Pretender to the throne of France, has issued letters patent confirming the young *fiancée* in her title of Royal Highness with all the precedence and privileges conferred by that title.

An interesting comparison this, between the points of view of a real and reigning King, and the pretender to a throne.

Princess Geneviève d'Orléans is the third daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Vendôme. Her father was the only son of the Duke d'Alençon, who married a sister of the beautiful and unhappy Empress Elizabeth of Austria.

The awful fate of the Duchess

Photograph *Photopress*

HERE THEY COME!

A group of hunting and racing enthusiasts at the Beaufort Point-to-Point, including the Duke of Beaufort, the Marquess of Worcester, Lady Mary Cambridge, Lord Lonsdale, Colonel Forestier-Walker and some of the Race Committee

d'Alençon at the Bazar de la Charité in Paris is still remembered. She and many other women of the highest rank in Paris were burnt to death through a gauze canopy catching fire and falling upon the stalls in one great sheet of flame.

The Duchess of Vendôme, who has a house at Wimbledon, and spent all the years of the War in this country, is a sister of the King of the Belgians.

An Extraordinary Experience

SPEAKING of the tragic death of the Duchess d'Alençon, reminds me of an extraordinary experience that befel the late Baron George de Reuter, a son of the Baron de Reuter who created the Reuter news service. His wife was helping at a stall at the Bazar de la Charité, and he had arranged to call for her there late in the afternoon to go on together to some other engagement.

Whilst he was sitting at his club

Photograph *Central News*

LEAVING CHICHESTER CATHEDRAL

The Duke of York and his fiancée leaving Chichester Cathedral after the marriage of Lady Doris Gordon-Lennox (one of Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon's intimate friends) to Mr. Clare Vyner

some one rushed in saying that the Bazar was on fire. The Baron rushed out of the club, and leaping on the box of a *fiacre*, seized the reins, and whipped the horse into a gallop, before the astonished *cocher* had realised what was happening.

Arrived at the ghastly scene, he had to jump from the *fiacre* on to the pavement to avoid treading on a woman lying in the gutter, which was a running stream from the hose-pipes. The woman was face downwards. Despite his anxiety, the Baron instinctively stooped to lift her out of the water.

It was his wife.

The Baroness had rushed out of the flames, and, fainting, had fallen in the gutter, where she probably would have been suffocated by the rushing water but for her husband's timely arrival.

Photograph **WITH A BEVY OF BEAUTIFUL BRIDESMAIDS** *[Hall and Russel*

A picturesque wedding group taken at Chichester last week at the marriage of Mr. Clare Vyner and Lady Doris Gordon-Lennox, the younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of March. Our photograph, reading from left to right, shows (standing): Miss Anne Charteris, the Earl of Westmorland (the best man), the Hon. Cecilia Keppel, the Bridegroom. (Seated): Miss Rose Bingham, the Bride, Master Ian Coats, Miss Marjorie Brassie, Miss Mary Compton. (In front): Miss Vivien Kenyon-Slaney and Master Alwyne Compton

The Courts

SUMMONSES are now being issued for the four Courts which will take place on May 30 and 31 and on June 13 and 14. There will be a large number of presentations on each evening, the lists this year being particularly heavy.

Sarah Bernhardt

THE vast spaces of Westminster Cathedral were crowded last week, long before the Requiem Mass for Sarah Bernhardt began. Never before has such honour been done to the memory of a foreign actress, but Sarah Bernhardt proved that art has no frontiers, and nowhere was there more profound admiration for her genius than amongst English actors and actresses. The gathering was the homage of the British stage. All our leading stage folk were there, amongst them Miss Ellen Terry and Mrs. Kendal. The King was represented by the Hon. Sir Harry Stonor, and Queen Alexandra by Major Edward Seymour. At the chancel steps stood a catafalque covered with a black pall, and surrounded by six high candles. Those who brought flowers—and many did—laid them at the foot of the catafalque.

When all was over Mrs. Kendal and Miss Ellen Terry stood outside the Cathedral waiting for the former's motor, Miss Terry leaning on Mrs. Kendal's arm. So many people stopped to speak to them that they held a miniature court. Someone said to Miss Terry, recalling a past incident, "But it was so long ago, Miss Terry." "Yes," she answered, "everything now is so long ago. But we still have the present!"

That, I think, is Ellen Terry's philosophy in a nutshell; and it was the philosophy of Sarah Bernhardt, too.

A Shower of Weddings

IT was bothersome last week for those who were invited to the four big weddings which took place in Hampshire, Leicestershire,

Photograph *Tom Aitken*

AT ST. GEORGE'S, HANOVER SQUARE

Lieut.-Commander the Hon. Humphrey Legge, D.S.O., the younger son of the Earl and Countess of Dartmouth, and his bride, Miss Roma Horlick, leaving the church after their marriage

Photograph *Topical*

A POPULAR NOTTINGHAM WEDDING

Mr. Hubert Argles, son of the late Canon Argles and land steward to Lord Manvers, with his bride, Lady Sibell Pierrepont (Lord and Lady Manvers' youngest daughter), leaving Perlethorpe Church

Photograph *Bassano*

THE INEVITABLE ORDEAL BY CAMERA

Lord Raglan and his bride, the Hon. Julia Hamilton (only daughter of Lord and Lady Belhaven and Stenton), settle "that little affair of the camera-man" after their wedding reception last week

Nottinghamshire, and London all in one day. These were the weddings of Lady Doris Gordon-Lennox and Mr. Clare Vyner at Chichester; of the Earl of Eltham, the Queen's nephew, and Miss Dorothy Hastings at Woodhouse; of Lady Sibell Pierrepont to Mr. H. D. Argles at Thoresby, her father, Lord Manvers' place in Nottinghamshire; and of Sir Edward Naylor-Leyland to Mlle. Marguerite de Belabre at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.

Some people were invited to all four. I don't know how they settled the *embarras de choix*, but the number of motors that went down to Chichester was a large one. The Duke of York and Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon were amongst the congregation that filled Chichester Cathedral for the Gordon-Lennox—Vyner wedding.

When Sir Edward Naylor-Leyland and his bride return to London it will not be to Hyde Park House, the huge mansion facing the French Embassy in Albert Gate. This is to be the home of the Thames Yacht Club when it is driven from its present quarters in what used to be the late Mr. Burdett-Coutt's house.

The Sweets of Rejection

THE drastic rejection by the Royal Academy of all sorts and kinds of pictures by all sorts and kinds of people, which began three years ago, sent dismay amongst a good many regular exhibitors. They foresaw ruin in being rejected by the Academy. But an unexpected thing has happened.

An artist of my acquaintance whose work has been accepted and invariably well placed year after year was one of those sent to the right-about three years ago. This has been steadily repeated ever since. He was in despair. He had always received a steady number of commissions through his exhibited Academy pictures.

To his surprise, however, he now has more work than he can do. Here is the explanation. The Futuristic pictures, so many of which are now hung at Burlington House, apparently do not appeal to the picture-buyers. These important people clearly do not see eye to eye with the art-critics. Failing to find

pictures that please them in the Academy they apply to the picture-dealers, who suggest the work of artists which they think will appeal to the inquirers. Hence the artists get more work—and the picture-dealers more commissions. A pleasant arrangement for both.

Why People Divorce

IT has always seemed to me that the one person in the world who must have a low opinion of his fellow-men and women is a Divorce Court Judge. To hear one of these Judges summing up his impressions of man and woman-kind after dinner the other evening was, therefore, a revelation.

He considered that 50 per cent. of divorces to-day are either definitely or tacitly arranged between husbands and wives, who have realised that they have chosen the wrong partner for running in double harness. Twenty per cent. of the people divorced, he believed, deliberately broke the marriage code in order to free themselves from unhappy unions. In this percentage there was no collusion between husband and wife. The remaining 30 per cent., he said, lacked moral sense and were, consequently, incapable of fidelity.

He admitted that his summary was, perhaps, somewhat rough and ready, and that his percentages were capable of many sub-divisions, but he contended that practically half the divorce cases nowadays were caused by incompatibility of temper and temperament. The law demanded evidence of infidelity before a marriage could be dissolved, and, therefore, the evidence was produced. That evidence was really effect, not cause.

Photograph] AT THE CHESHIRE 'CHASES [*Sport and General*

Miss D. Wignall (left), Miss Barbara Grosvenor, Miss Ada Lumley, Lady Ursula Grosvenor, Mr. Jack Anthony and the Hon. Magdalen Fitzalan-Howard at the steeplechases at Saighton, Chester. Perhaps with such an authority as Jack Anthony in the party, it may be safely conjectured that a few of those mysterious things known as "winners" were spotted!

Photograph WELL IN THE WEDDING WAVE *Bassano*

The wedding group after the reception held at Beaumanor, Loughborough, in honour of the marriage of the Earl of Eltham (elder son of the Marquess and Marchioness of Cambridge) to Miss Dorothy Hastings, second daughter of the Hon. Osmond and Mrs. Hastings. Our photograph shows: Lady Mary Cambridge (left), Major Sir Richard Leighton (the best man), the Bridegroom and Bride, Miss Helen Hastings (seated), and little Miss Diana Hastings. The two little trainbearers in Kate Greenaway suits are Master Robin Hood Hastings and Master Peter Keith Cameron

Photograph *Sport and General*

IN AID OF THE IVORY CROSS

The Duchess of Portland and Lady Ashfield at a meeting of the National Dental Funds. The Duchess, a staunch "anti-plumagette," is wearing her widely-discussed hat trimmed with barnyard feathers

Photograph *L. N. A.*

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR

Mr. Tim Healy flees from the cares of office to the Punchestown Races. He was unattended, and his presence has been regarded as a sign that more peaceful times may be settling on the "disthressful country"

The Next Generation

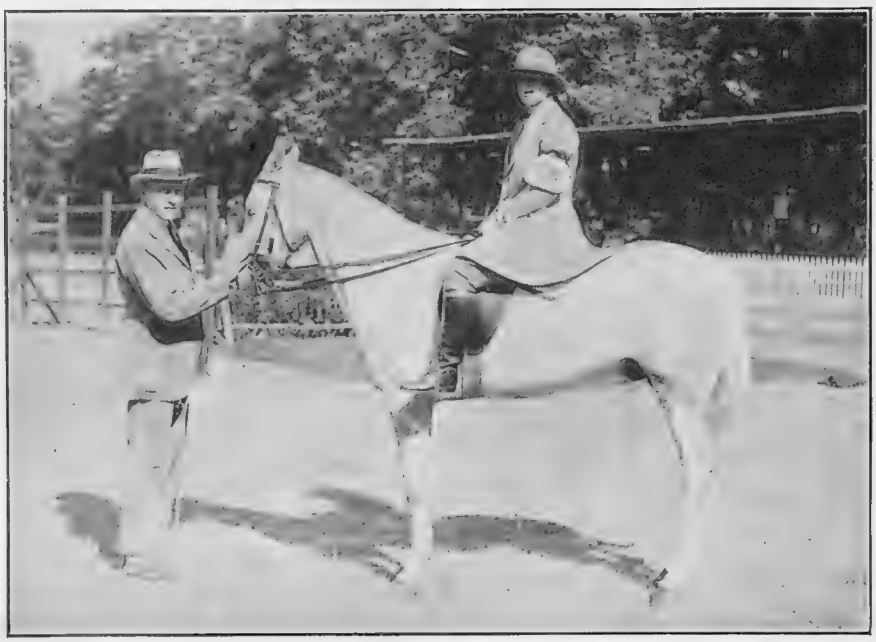
I DON'T know whether they were Aluminium Kings, Jam, Tobacco, or High Explosive Emperors, but the War had made them amazingly and aboundingly rich.

They bought a huge house in the country. The heir and hope of Aluminium, Jam, Tobacco, High Explosive—whatever it may be—was showing a visitor over their new abode which had been added to, adorned, and made gorgeous with a lavishness that left the visitor gasping. After the heir had conducted him through vistas of staterooms, galleries, halls, and drawing-rooms, the visitor said, "What a magnificent place it is!"

"You think so?" said the heir, "I think we are rather cramped."

Our Frontispiece

LADY TERRINGTON, whose portrait by Mr. Alan Stern forms our frontispiece this week, is the wife of Lord Terrington, who succeeded his father, the first baron, two years ago. Lady Terrington is keenly interested in politics, and will probably one day follow Lady Astor's example and become a Member of Parliament. When she married Lord Terrington five years ago—then the Hon. Harold Woodhouse—Lady Terrington was the widow of Ivo Sebright, the only son of Sir Guy Sebright, who for many years was equerry to the late Duchess of Teck.



Photograph] **AN UNCONVENTIONAL PHOTOGRAPH** *[Topical*

Of that unconventional and immensely popular pair, Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught, taken at the Rosebank Show Grounds near Cape Town during the Annual Agricultural Show which draws all farming folk from the rich districts of the Western Province to the Colony's capital. Princess Arthur is mounted on "Silver Fizz," which won her a first in the Saddle Horses' Class, with His Excellency the "G.G." holding (Alas! temptation is too strong!) the gee-gee's head

A Reminder

LET me give you a final reminder of the ball Lady Curzon of Kedleston is arranging at Lansdowne House on April 26—the night of the Duke of York's marriage—in aid of the Queen Victoria Jubilee Institute of Nurses. The tickets are three guineas each, including supper. Only a certain number will be sold, as there is to be no overcrowding. Application should be made to the Marchioness Curzon of Kedleston, 1, Carlton House Terrace, either personally in the afternoon, between 3 p.m. and 5 p.m., or preferably by letter.

The Riviera Week by Week

THE Riviera is world-famed for the many beautiful spectacles it provides each season for its visitors, but beyond all question the most beautiful of all has been the Fête de Nuit in the gardens of Isola Bella at Cannes. Nothing like it has ever been seen before, and even the most widely travelled and *blasé* spectators admitted that language failed them in attempting to express their admiration. All superlatives were exhausted in the first half-hour. The night was perfect, and a full moon looked over the hill-side on to scenes which seemed too wonderful to be real. The illuminations had been carried out regardless of expense by Paul Poiret, and the fairy-like effects he achieved amid the blaze of sub-tropical flowers in the various sections of this unique estate were a triumph of art.

THE competition at the Golf Club at Mandelieu for the *Journal des Etrangers* Prize attracted over thirty entries, and three members —Sir Alan Johnstone, Professor Leith and Colonel Worgan—tied for first place with 78 points each, which spoke volumes for the skill of the handicapping committee. On the replay Colonel Worgan started badly, and was, in fact, on the point of tearing up his card at the fourth hole, but he improved rapidly, and while taking 51 for the outward half, he managed to accomplish the second nine holes in an excellent 41, his final score being 92—13=79. Professor Leith's score was 82, and Sir Alan Johnstone's 86. Incidentally, the popularity of the Cannes Golf Club has led to such congestion during this season that some of the principal English and American residents have organised a new country club. An extensive stretch of ground has been acquired between Mougins and Valbonne, a district not very well known to the casual visitor, but as near to the centre of the town as Mandelieu while further from the sea, and golf links and tennis courts are being constructed. Membership will be very exclusive, and temporary members will not be admitted. Major-General Lord Cheylesmore, Baron Ramsay and Mr. Hilles are among the moving spirits, and the Duke of Connaught has promised to be one of the first patrons.

THE first visit on record of an English University football team to the Riviera was a notable event, and the Oxford team could have no reason to complain of the warmth of their welcome. They were met at the station by representatives of the municipality and the English colony, surrounded by a huge crowd, and driven to the Beau-Site Hotel in the famous mail-coach, which is, as a rule, only used for the battles of flowers. Lady Cheylesmore gave a *thé dansant* at the Villa St. Priest for them, the guests including the Grand Duchess Cyrille, the Princesses Kyra and Marie of Russia, Princess Karageorgevitch of Serbia, Princess Marie Thérèse Zamoyska and Princess Caroline Zamoyska, Lady Wester Wemyss and Miss Wemyss, Count and Countess Wrangel, Lord and Lady Sondes, Miss Audrey Meakin, Sir Charles and Lady Cayzer, Baron Ramsay, General and Madame Goudine-Levikovitch, Colonel and Mrs. Brooke, Mr. and Mrs. Hilles, Captain Hamilton and the members of the Cambridge lawn tennis team.

Photograph *Rey*

NEARING THE END

Lord Rochdale and Mrs. Satterthwaite on the Beau-Site Courts, where one of the last tournaments of the Riviera season was recently completed

WHILE many who have been in Cannes since the beginning of the year are leaving for the North, the stream of visitors still continues unabated. The latest to arrive is the Duke of Manchester, who is a regular attendant at the Cercle Baccarat, often sitting with Mr. Winston Churchill, now relaxing after the publication of his War book. The Marquis and Marchioness of Crewe, Lord and Lady Greville and the Hon. Ronald Greville, Sir Frederick and Lady MacMillan, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Lord and Lady Armaghdale and Colonel R. Burdon are also here, and Miss Mary Garden and Mr. James Douglas were seen in the town recently.

LADY (IAN) HAMILTON is spending the month of April at Hyères, where her gallant husband hopes to join her on leaving the Rhine district. Sir John and Lady Woodroffe and Sir Charles Simpson are at the Hotel des Palmiers. The Easter races at La Plage collected a record crowd, and the sport was good and the weather glorious.

Photograph *Le Noir*

TWO WELL-KNOWN FIGURES ON THE CÔTE D'AZUR

Colonel A. Dudley and the Duchess of Sutherland on the Courts at Cannes

WHO IS THE MOST POPULAR ACTRESS? WHO IS ENGLAND'S FAVOURITE ACTOR?

By HANNEN SWAFFER

"Who is the most popular actress in England? Who is the favourite actor?"

It would have been easy to answer this, say, ten years ago, when Lily Elsie was the darling of the gods, and Lewis Waller was the handsomest actor on the stage. And a few years before then, you could have told, easily, by asking in a picture-postcard shop. For the picture-postcard was the index of popularity.

But now the picture-postcard is no longer the vogue, so you have to look around, wondering how to make a test.

Lewis Waller was so popular, especially with women, that they formed a society called the K.O.W.'s. It meant "Keen on Waller," and they would go to his first-nights, women most of them, with such vigorous audibility that I have counted twenty-nine women out of thirty people in the front row of the pit, all cheering themselves hoarse. The worse the play was, the more they cheered.

As for Lily Elsie, it was *The Merry Widow*, of course, that made her fame. She had been playing small parts for George Edwardes up till 1907, earning, perhaps, £5 a week, when, one night, George Edwardes and Robert Evett, his confidential adviser, were walking up Portland Place.

Edwardes had planned to put on *The Merry Widow*, then merely a Viennese success, when he said, putting his hand on Evett's shoulder, "I've suggested Lily Elsie for the Widow. Everybody else says I'm wrong."

"Guv'nor," said Evett, "the stage is the only thing you know anything about. And yet it is the only thing you ask other people to advise you on. You don't know anything about horse-racing; but you back your own opinion about horses and lose tons of money. You can't play cards; but you gamble high on your own judgment. But, about the stage, you ask every silly person you know. If you want to give the part to Lily Elsie, don't ask anyone."

Photograph *Bertram Park*

". . . . It was 'The Merry Widow' that made Lily Elsie's fame"

He did. And Miss Elsie created such a furore that her success in the part remains talked of, to this day.

Yes, Lewis Waller and Lily Elsie stood out, then. But who have followed them as the great popular stars?

Is it José Collins, who is so much adored by her public that, on the first night of *The Last Waltz*, there was a crowd of hundreds of people waiting outside the stage door, a surging mob through which she had to force her way? The same people go to her performances, night after night, and the same people stand at the stage door to see her go in. At Manchester, during her last visit, they waited outside her hotel every day for hours.

Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

"Lewis Waller was so popular that they formed a society known as the 'Keen on Waller'"

Is it Sybil Thorndike, the greatest tragic actress of her time, who is adored by all the Ellen Terrys and Mary Moores, to whose first-nights poets and artists and musicians flock, and whose gallery is always full of worshippers from the Old Vic., where Miss Thorndike made her name, playing Shakespeare's heroines for thirty shillings a week?

Is it Fay Compton, whose success in *Secrets* was followed by all sorts of offers from America—Al Woods offered her her own terms and begged her to go—and whose success in a succession of parts has made her reputation stand very high in the last five years or so?

Is it Gladys Cooper, who, once a chorus girl at the Gaiety Theatre, is said to be the most beautiful actress in England, and who is, indeed, the only actress of whom you hear such a thing as this when you stand in the Savoy Hotel by the place where they sell theatre tickets—"What is Gladys Cooper acting in?" Her reputation has survived even her attempt to play Paula Tanqueray. More than that, it has survived her daring to follow Mrs. Patrick Campbell in *Magda*.

There are other actresses, too, with a following, each her own. I cannot now ask a picture-postcard man, "Who is the favourite?" I cannot go by the salary, because some actresses are working under contracts made some time ago.

I wish someone would find out for me, for I am supposed to be an expert on the drama, and it is a question I am always being asked.

[Interesting views of theatrical managers and others who ought to know are being invited, and we hope to publish a selection of these in our next issue.—Ed.]

"All the World's a Stage"!

BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

SHE: "What is she in private life?"
HE: "She has no private life. She's an actress!"

ANGELO AT DRURY LANE

BY "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

Produced on March 28, 1923

I UNDERSTAND that this bewildering production has been designed to show how the theatre of to-morrow can best hope to compete with the uncomfortably popular Picture Palace. As a matter of fact, the enterprise shows its superior quality in this respect right from the start. At the beginning of the play all the lights go out suddenly, and the darkness is of the traditional quality that can be felt. I have been told that the Cinema Theatres are largely the resort of amorous couples who do not care overmuch for pictures, but enjoy the gloom immensely. To this extent Drury Lane has now got the "Pictures" beaten to a frazzle. Indeed, you look about you after the lights have been turned up again, and feel a real sympathy for the lonely young men who have not had the forethought to bring a nice girl with them.

THE story is told in sections on a number of small stages that materialise in turn out of the Cimmerian gloom. It deals with incidents in the life of Angelo, who is really that strange creature, Ernst Hoffman, who composed an opera on De la Motte Fouqué's fanciful story, "Undine." Angelo has, indeed, so absorbed the story into his system that Undine has become for him a living creature, and thrice at least during his career he meets a sympathetic lady who answers to the description of his heroine. At one moment we see Angelo as a middle-aged man telling a friend the story of his youth; and the next moment black darkness comes, and the spot-light hits a small stage apparently in mid-air, where Angelo suddenly becomes young again, and is in the clouds of first and only love. It is not easy to discover Mr. Maurice Moscovitch's secret of being able to change his

appearance and his place so rapidly and so successfully. We have it on good authority that no man can be in two places at once unless he is a bird, and the problem of that rapid transit through mid-air is most intriguing.

IF Mr. Moscovitch has to run up a flight of stairs to get to his new sphere of action, his lungs must be enviably sound, since his speech shows no sign of breathlessness. He could hardly be hoisted up by an invisible wire like the flying fairies in a pantomime, though, as a matter of fact, his constant flights from one stage to another suggest more the marionette than the serious actor. Tennyson has told us that the fancy turns to thoughts of love in the Spring, but I'm sure Angelo could not spring that far. Whatever the secret of the rapid changes may be, they have at least this advantage that they enable the past to be unburied quite as quickly and convincingly as can be done on any picture screen. The only thing against this method of presenting a story in the theatre is that just as you are beginning to like the characters on the stage they are unceremoniously blotted out. The circumstance reminds one of the gentleman who sat down to read Webster's Dictionary, and said he liked the stories, but they seemed to him to be rather short.

THE first scene is preceded in the darkness by a sort of will-o'-the-wisp that hovers about as if undecided where to settle. This, I suppose, is the spot-light looking for a perch. As soon as the preliminaries have been finally arranged we are given to understand that we are looking upon a gathering of diners at the "Illuminati Club" in Rome. They are deploring the absence from their midst of Angelo, who, someone explains, has gone to Naples to supervise the production of his opera, *Undine*. Then darkness comes, and we are whisked away to Naples, where, in a small scene west-north-west of the proscenium,

the spot-light picks out for us a picture of Angelo listening to his opera from a private box. After seeing a few of these changes of scene it occurred to me that a new game has now been invented for people of a sportive turn of mind. You can make bets in the darkness with the other chap as to whether the next scene will be on the ground floor or the upper story or the third-floor-back. These interpolated

scenes are called, presumably with deliberation, "Pictures," by way, apparently, of throwing down the gauntlet to the over-assertive Cinema.

THE story would not be an easy one to follow even if it were told in the usual straightforward way. Angelo's life seems to be dominated at all points by a person of the name of Cipriano, who is bald on the top of his head, and wears his hair brushed up to an unusual length each side, suggesting horns. It may be that this is an allegorical representation of the gentleman whose name is not mentioned in polite circles.

CIPRIANO begins by being the cynic of the "Illuminati Club," then he becomes a priest who flagellates nuns, and then a Lord Chamberlain. In each case he is an evil influence in Angelo's career; but why this should be so I am not very clear. Just as you think you are beginning to get the hang of the story, the spot-light hits another corner of the stage, and more of Angelo's past is very literally brought to light. When the whole of the stage is employed for a single scene, the picture presented is one of rare magnificence, and it is clear that the expense of the production as a whole must have been prodigious. The ordinary man, I should say, could realise on his War Savings Certificates, and even dip into the children's money-box, and then not have enough to make ends meet within a mile or so.

THE production will, of course, be an attraction to the friends of the curious. It is a novelty that should be seen—once, at least. For myself, I found the sudden changing of the scene in an unexpected direction a little irritating. I could not always guess where

the proceedings would be continued in our next, and sat in constant apprehension that I was about to miss a vital part of the show through my unpreparedness. And when you have come in on a free ticket that is a serious matter, whether you be of Scottish ancestry or not. After all, at the Cinema, the screen does keep in one place. As soon as it begins to move about the proscenium, it is time to go home and read up the rules of your Band of Hope once more.

I CANNOT see that this method of arranging a theatrical performance will obtain wide-spread popularity, though I am told that in Germany, where the idea originated, it is worked with greater efficiency and greater success. It looks as if the theatre will have to come back to its old place in which scenery counted for little or nothing, and the dramatist held the attention of his audience by juggling deftly with word and phrase, hiring a lusty fellow to speak his speeches trippingly on the tongue and with elocutionary grace. In its greater days the theatre was distinct from the farce-show, and with ordinary luck it may be so again. JINGLE

SOME FRENCH GOLF COURSES

BY DELL LEIGH

No. III

DIEPPE

THE SIXTEENTH HOLE ON THE DIEPPE GOLF COURSE

THERE is a certain class of individual who, getting his golf regularly on Saturdays and Sundays all the year round, wants a summer holiday wherein golf can play an important but not a leading part. He wants, primarily, complete change of scene and varied amusement, with good golf as a fitting background.

Dieppe is essentially the place for him.

You have all the excitement of the crowded French watering-place in the town beneath. You have the Casino where you can leave some of your English money, as you certainly will. And next morning you can blow away the cobwebs invariably collected in your head after long sojourns in gaming palaces by ascending to the heights of "Le Golf."

The Dieppe course is unlike Le Touquet and Wimereux in that it is a golf course as opposed to links. It has been made by man, and not by nature who holds the higher cards in golf as in all things. But lest the reader should sniff on seeing that and say, "Oh, I know what that means," let me hasten to add that so far from it being poor golf, it is good enough to have been chosen this year as the *venue* of the French Open and Amateur Championships in July. There could scarcely be a higher compliment.

This course, made most cunningly by the hand of man, is on the cliffs, which command a superb view of the Channel. The big course has some masterly holes. Notably the fourth and the eighth. It was at the former that I once got into what may be termed *le consommé*. I was playing with Shoesmith, the greenkeeper, one of those men who exudes efficiency at his job, and incidentally plays on plus 5. When you have driven a decent ball you are faced with rising ground, a ravine between, and a cunning green, as it were on the horizon. I reached tremulously for the brassie.

"No, sir, a jigger is what you want," quoth my opponent.

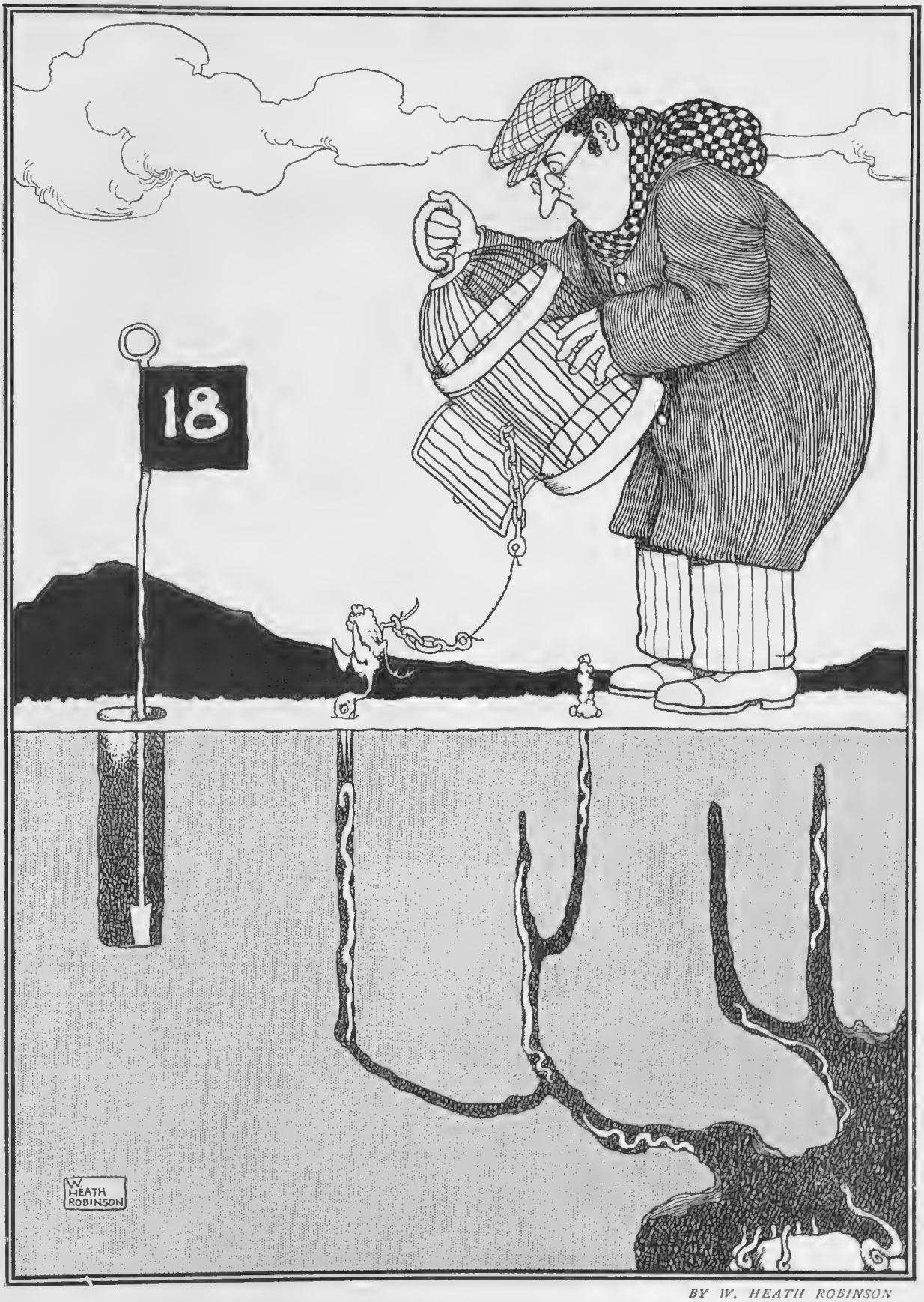
I imagined he was being complimentary, held on like grim death to the trusty brassie, and was miles over. I would have wagered pieces of silver on it. That sort of thing makes golf interesting. Of such is Dieppe. Again at the eighth; built for the destruction of the nervous one. You have bunkers to the right of you, hazards to the left, bunkers still further ahead, and you must not blunder. But the joy runs in spate when you lie well for the second, as you will if you play correctly. Otherwise you remain one of the "also ran." Both these holes require first-class play for par. Few attain this honour; even the Pros. who come here. The lies are extremely good. The ball sits up and begs piteously to be walloped. Than which nothing is more welcome to the golfer.

"The ball sits up and begs to be walloped"

Here, also, they have what is known in France as a course for *les débutantes* of both sexes and all ages. Nine holes. I am puzzled about this at Dieppe. In my view the *débutantes* who perform here must depart sorrowfully, as did the young man having great possessions. These nine holes were, to my mind, invented for the betting man, and for him only. Sporting holes is hardly the term to apply. Gambling holes is far more apt. I can imagine pounds and pounds changing hands in a four-ball after lunch. You know the sort of thing (I have been in this, to my detriment, often).

Continued on page 301

The Preservation of Our Greens



BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

A trained early bird compelling a worm to turn before it casts

SOME FRENCH GOLF COURSES (continued)

"A pound you don't stay on the green, Dell."

To which the answer, of course, is,

"Don't be childish—done with you."

This is one of those insidious mashie shots from above to a tiny cup green below. You are standing on the tee on the very cliff edge, with all the summer pageantry of the Channel passing before your eyes.

Ridiculous nonsense to suppose you can't stay on *that* green: it's money for jam, as the saying is. . . . But in all probability you don't, so deceptive is the distance with the crême de menthe sea twinkling below, and the grey green rocks looming up ahead. On this smaller course the more goat-like your propensities the better placed you are. But you can visualise the betting enthusiast who has mounted laboriously to the green, being laid 6 to 4 he doesn't go down! Another hole here is extremely exciting. You drive straight as an arrow—into the sea. The caddie hands you a driver and you grumble.

"Oh, steady on, boy, I want to see that ball again."

He says, "pas compris, Monsieur," and looks pained.

Still you suppose he knows what he is about, and so you take the proffered club, say good-bye to the new half-crown (or ten franc) ball, and swing. All is well. You are nowhere near the edge, not being a John Ball. And, of course, you say, as every other visitor does:

"Well, I'm damned."

"Ce n'est pas celui-là"

But the boy, being polite, does not say, "*déjà?*" as Napoleon did.

If you will promise not to let it go any further I can put you on to a very good little hotel in Dieppe, the Select Hotel. This hotel does not flaunt itself with gilt and uniformed hall-porters, and *thés dansants*. If you care for that sort of thing here you can get it full measure, pressed down, and running over, elsewhere. But my little place is cheaper, and is one of those *caches* where *Madame La Propriétaire* makes you feel that if you have toothache, or break your favourite club, she will be *really* miserable. Also you will get a dinner here that will send you happy to bed afterwards. Incidentally, it is nearest the golf course, which means that in all probability you will be on the first tee some time before the hated Smith family arrives to annoy you with its general aggression and deportment. Besides, I like the name "Select," too, don't you? So suitable to both of us.

It was here that the absent-minded Frenchman, having a lot of money invested in marks, and being deeply involved in commercial matters in the Ruhr Valley, played a round with a friend of mine one morning. He was very *piano* and *distrait*, though playing quite decently. My pal saw him go up to a mushroom on the fairway, take a careful stance, waggle his club thoughtfully for the shot, pause, look again and then say:

"Ah, non, ce n'est pas celui-là"—and walk on grimly silent.

But he has my sympathy. And I am sure he has yours.

NEXT WEEK.

No. IV.—ETRETAT

Broadcasting a Heath Robinson Drawing

A "BYSTANDER" WIRELESS COMPETITION.

TO-MORROW, April 19th, at 8 p.m., MR. W. HEATH ROBINSON, the famous "Bystander" humorous artist, will be introduced to listeners-in from "2 L.O.," the London Station of the British Broadcasting Company. He will then proceed to draw, on the spot, one of his humorous drawings. As he draws he will describe his picture in detail. From this description listeners-in are invited to make a sketch in the HEATH ROBINSON style and send it in to the Editor not later than first post on Monday, April 30th. Prizes will be awarded to the three best attempts:—

FIRST PRIZE, **£10 10s.** SECOND PRIZE, **£5 5s.** THIRD PRIZE, **£3 3s.**

In addition, a SPECIAL PRIZE of **£2 2s.** will be given to the best attempt sent in by children up to 12 years of age.

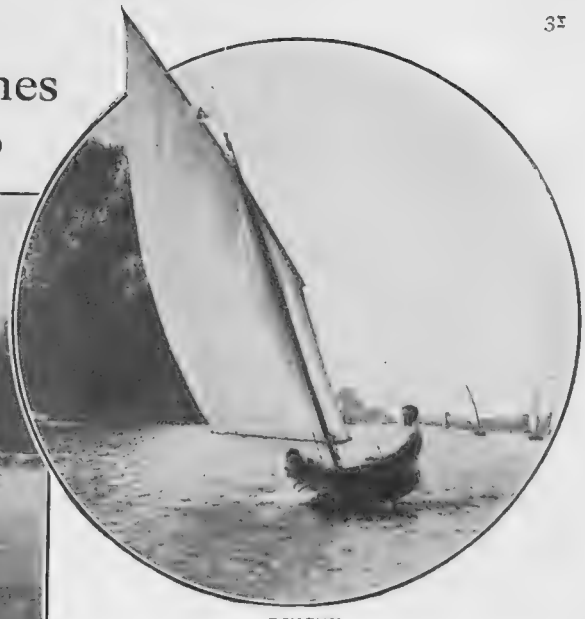
You need not be an artist in order to compete. The prizes will be awarded to the sketches most nearly approaching the details of MR. HEATH ROBINSON'S own drawing, which will be published in "The Bystander" after the competition closes.

Each drawing must be accompanied by the special coupon on page vi of this issue. The coupon will also appear in our next issue.

Yachts of the Upper Thames

THE VARIOUS TYPES PORTRAYED

CANOE
Mr. C. A. B. Powell's "Aquamarine"



DINGHY
Mr. R. Hamblin's "Mine"

"B" CLASS BOAT
Mr. A. W. Horton's "Ma Mie"

"A" CLASS BOAT
Mr. F. G. Mitchell's "My Lady Dainty"

Photographs *A. W. Fielder*

THE START AT SURBITON OF AN "ALL-IN" INVITATION HANDICAP
For all sorts and conditions of boats, whether they belong to one of the above classes or not

Racing among the small yachts of the Upper Thames is now in full swing on various reaches between Oxford and Teddington. We give above types of the prevailing "classes." The largest boats are the "A's" manned as a rule by a crew of three; the "B's" are a smaller edition of the "A's" with a crew of two; whilst the canoes, and sometimes the dinghys, are sailed single-handed. The sailing of these fresh water fliers is skilful and exciting work

PEOPLE AT PLAY

THE BROADCASTING BAIT. By "PENDARVES"

THIS wireless-in-the-home business is not a healthy outdoor game: it is not even a gentle indoor exercise. But it is becoming the national pastime. It is one of those epidemics that you sicken for, catch, and spend an inordinate amount of money getting rid of. Everyone is playing this game nightly, to crowded houses. Except me. That is what makes me so furious.

I cannot afford the right set, unless I sell the gramophone at a dead loss, and even then I can get no further in my efforts to find out which *is* the right sort. When you talk to people who have got one, amongst whom you are written down as rather a rotter for not returning their hospitality, they go off into a kind of technical trance and mouth incoherencies about "aerials" and "wave-lengths," and "flat panels" as opposed to "inverted" ones, until you dash for the tantalus to drown their monotonous voices.

I am particularly upset at the moment because in the last two houses, whither I have been coerced by my wife's enthusiasm for the social amenities, I have heard Tosti's "Good Bye," which I have loathed from birth, and which seems offensively premature just now, and "Zampa," which sounds like all my creditors blowing wood-wind instruments in an aggressive discord.

All the same, we have got to have one, as soon as I can find something to sell. I refuse to part with the gramophone because I have grown to love the sonorous bass voice of the unknown man who announces that it is an "Edison Bell Record" at the beginning of the needle scratchings. It has become even more incumbent upon me to do something definite in this matter, since our charlady on Monday spent one-third of her half-day expatiating upon her daughter's installation in the Fulham Road.

"Our Grace," she said, raising the edge of her apron to its time-honoured use, "she 'eard it lovely on Saturday. So did we all, come to that. 'Er 'usbing, wot works at Lots Road, 'e's fitted one up proper, 'im bein' an elicktrishun on the Toob, out of a cigar-box of 'is father's an' some wotsnames—*you* know. It was a fair treat an' no mistake. We might all 'ave bin sittin' in the theater—mind that pail, sir." . . .

I mean, one must retain some vestige of dignity, if *these* people are listening-in.

But it is largely Harry's fault. I am the victim of an electrical cousin. Harry earns thousands a year running overcrowded electric trains out of London, has dozens of absurd letters after his name, and does nothing about my aerial whatsoever. If you have a cousin like this who lives round the corner, to whom "amps" and "watts" and "high tensions," and all that clap-trap are as the ordinary mundane things of life, you, naturally, place yourself unreservedly in his hands, to the extent of telling him so pathetically over the telephone when the light fuses in the bathroom.

He advises a masterly inactivity until he has got his own set rigged up and can tell me whether to have one of those or not. I am swayed between the certainty that his, which he will wangle for himself, and for me, with a 33 1-3 per cent. discount out of "the trade," will be such that you can hear Turkish women telling their husbands a few things about emancipation in Stamboul (a thing I have always longed to hear), and the dread feeling that if I wait until the Government grants him his "experimenter's licence" I shall become deaf from old age, and life will be a hollow mockery.

I very nearly took the plunge at the Ideal Home Exhibition, where they seemed to be selling hundreds of different makes, each one "the best suited to your requirements, sir," and was only restrained by crass ignorance of the technique and the uncomfortable reflection that the price would probably drop with a wallop in the near future, as it did directly after I had bought a car.

One evening I went round to Douglas, hoping for the best, though fearing Tosti. I knew he had a wireless party on. All my friends have, always. Douglas, spurning a Loud Speaker (he is of the quiet, gentle type) is a disciple of the "Ear Piece." I walked into his drawing-room to find eight people sitting, their heads girt with steel, looking intently at the floor. Nobody took the smallest notice of me. Douglas merely nodded abstractedly towards a laden side-table, mumbled "Shake the syphon, ol' man," and returned to his study of the pattern on the carpet.

I stood about, surplus to establishment, watching the smiles of appreciation of some gift that had been bestowed on them which I could not share. Nobody offered me the loan of a head-piece. This is never done. I listened for a time to murmurs of ecstacy. And then I drained my glass and rushed out into the night.

I find myself walking the streets, head in air, counting other people's aerials and getting cursed by passers-by. I see miniature masts and stays on the roofs of houses, and deep in thought as to how it is done I am yelled at by hoggish chauffeurs at street corners. On the way to Surbiton on Saturday to see Aunt Agatha (when she dies I will have one which will enable me to hear shepherds blackguarding New Zealand mutton on their own pastures) I was so intent on looking at the hundreds of aerials on the tin-pot houses all the way down, that I was carried on to Byfleet with no train back for an hour.

Anyway, there is some consolation in the thought that you can annoy the other fellow by tuning-up on the same aerial as he is.

I know a man — offensive brute, who *says* he "talks" to the Eiffel Tower every morning. I must ascertain at exactly what time. . . .

BROADCASTING A HEATH ROBINSON DRAWING

□

Special Notice on page 30

"With all the Joy of Spring
And Morning in her eyes"

Photograph *Hay Wrightson*

THE HON. JOAN BARBARA YARDE-BULLER

The eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Churston. She is a popular little hostess, and a keen and enthusiastic sportswoman

MANNEQUI
Early Summer Modes for our

BY LAURIE TAYLER

NNEQUINS

es for our Jeunesse Doré

BY BLAM

SPRING-CLEANING IN THE LIBRARY

OTHER WOMEN'S MEN

VI.—The Man of All Worlds

By SYLVIA SEALE

His friends call him "a hard case," and smile affectionately at the mention of his name. His enemies say he is "a hot proposition," adding a warning to you to sew up your pockets when he approaches.

As a matter of fairness, he is neither.

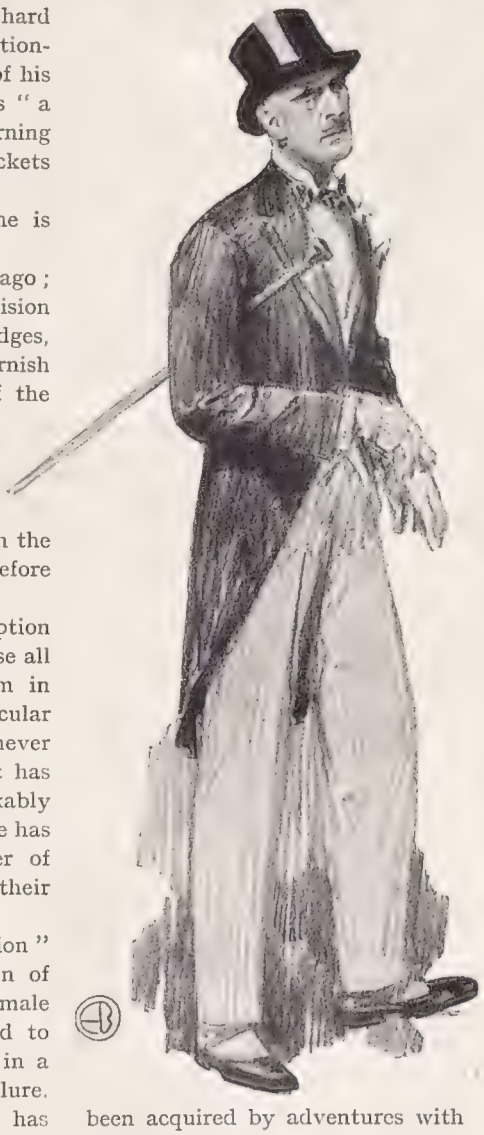
He was hard twenty years ago; but age and a kaleidoscopic vision of the past has softened his edges, at the same time adding a varnish of complete understanding of the vagaries of his brethren. He was hot and impetuous once, and was burned in the flame, like all the rest of his kind, and has now encased himself in the steady mantle of precaution before speech or action.

He has earned the description of being "a hard case" because all his friends have been to him in times of stress, and their particular troubles or emotions have never been poured into an ear that has not heard something remarkably like that before, and because he has always some excellent answer of a palliative nature to offer to their frenzied questioning.

The term "a hot proposition" refers to the fact that certain of the professedly clever ones, male and female, have endeavoured to trip him into an indiscretion in a financial deal or a feminine lure. To their astonishment he has stepped warily, but charmingly, aside from the gin they had set so carefully and with such enticing bait, having brought the cold light of an infinite experience to bear upon the matter, upon which he has slept for several nights before deciding. He knows his world, your world, the half world and the under-world from the elementary A to the tortuous and fugitive Z.

For us he has an extraordinary attraction. About us he has few illusions. By him it is an honour to be asked out to dinner. To be asked by lesser men is merely a diversion, not always pleasant.

We are pleasantly thrilled by his propinquity and attentions because we know instinctively that his advanced understanding of some phases of our characters has only been acquired by adventures with our predecessors. We know that with him it is idiotic to resort to the elementary moves in the game we sometimes have to play. Because, although he is much too skilful and tactful to call "check," he will, nevertheless, make it clear to our intuition that he has played that game before many times. Moreover, we love the grey hairs above his ears and the detached, masterly way he deals with commissionaires, waiters and railway porters.



He has been everywhere and seen everything, and knows the name of the managers of the best hotels in all the big continental cities—and has asked *you* to come to the opening night of the latest and greatest dance club. It is really rather wonderful. I mean, wouldn't *you* be thrilled?

When a woman finds herself treading the rickety plank between married serfdom and the unwelcome high lights of divorce it is from him, an old, unprejudiced friend, that she draws tangible comfort. Though a bachelor, he seems to know exactly what should or should not be said and done. He is able to draw from some well of worldly memory for precedent as to the reason for the seemingly impertinent and wholly irrelevant questions put to one by the solicitors who are working up the case. It is he who lays the cautionary hand on one's arm during the six months isolation following the *débâcle*, and tells you something of the ways of King's Proctors lest, through ignorance, you should turn a perfectly innocent act into a matter for legal comment.

Mothers go to him about their sons; fathers about their daughters. When a boy plunges, unsinged from a public school, into an undesirable maelstrom, and is like to become tainted permanently, it is the Man of All Worlds who asks the youth to lunch at the club and talks to him as an equal in years, though with a shade of the necessary inquiring deference of tone as to the nature and class of the woman concerned; after which he gives a little of his own unembellished experiences, couched in the tone of the once bitten twice shy, thereby gaining in an hour a victory mother has been crying and father storming for for weeks.

When the headstrong, emancipated, bachelor-daughter announces her intention of marrying the man in Bond Street who periodically clips her bobbed hair, it is he who says to an inarticulate father over the conference port decanter, "Leave it to me, Fred."

Then he bumps into her "by accident" at Sandown, and asks if she will take pity on a decayed old man to the extent of a dance supper? Suspicious of family intrigue at first, she maintains a tight-lipped silence on "the tragedy." But she is, of course, as wax in his hands, and only when she finds he is "on her side" does she open wide the flood-gates

of revolt to him. He "agrees with every word she says," his doctrine, expressed with eloquence, being that if you love a man, parental and social opposition is of no consequence whatever. She is so grateful for a male ally in this matter that she sups with him several times in the fashionable night resorts. Each time he contrives that her attention shall be drawn towards the worst *mésalliance* in the room. Not knowing them she inquires with horror who the men are. His reply is usually somewhat to this effect:

"Oh, that's only Brinkheim, you know, the feller who advertises those patent cold cures. He married Lady Mary Malypense, don't you remember? That's her with him—she's run to fat a bit: they live on Clapham Rise, I believe: he prefers the air there apparently: bit of a come down for her—but I suppose if they're happy. . . Shall we dance?"

When he has shown her a few of these visions (father is useless: not belonging to any of the clubs) and brought a dozen or so of the right men up to dance, he generally succeeds in his diplomacy, helped by time, and a more appealing environment than that held out by the barber of Bond Street.

Men find it difficult to recount an experience, pleasant or otherwise, met with in travel or during the daily movement of London life that astonishes him at all. He has invariably come across something of the same kind himself, only more so, and in regaling them with an account of his particular reminiscence he dips into a brandpie of amusing anecdote, in each of which story they find him if not master of the situation at least fully able to cope with it.

As a cutter-in at Bridge, in no matter what standard of play, or where, he is immaculate in his etiquette as he is in his clothes. During the heated post-mortem at the end of a hand he is the only person who does not explain *why* he led from diamonds. You will find him in these moments of rhetoric cutting the end of a cigar with grave, meticulous care. When he finds himself opposite one of the species who doubles an original "two no trump" call without any sort of justification for it he merely smiles at the idiot's explanatory "I'm sorry, partner, but I was counting on——," etc., and says,

"That's all right, old man," and picks up the pencil with complete equanimity, although it means the rubber.

If he is up against the bombastic "I-know-what-I-am-doing" player who doesn't, he never allows himself to be lured into argument. The most he can get out of him is, "Perhaps you're right; it's a queer game at the best of times," which leaves the aggressive one with a nasty taste of uncertainty in his mouth as to the wisdom of his tactics.

Although he is seldom a regular betting man, having learned the futility of consistent punting, you will find him at most of the big meetings. At these times he refuses to be perturbed at the failure of an odds-on favourite, the reason being, you will discover, that he has invariably backed another placed horse each way, or refrained altogether. He seems to be on nodding terms with most of the people in the enclosure, and you may take it as a certainty that he will get a corner seat in the race special back to Town.

In times of social crises, when, for instance, Lady Watnott's pearls are burgled during a house-party, it is he who is talking calmly and judiciously on the trunk line to Scotland Yard while blasphemous guests are searching the shrubberies and fatuously intermingling their own with possible footprints outside the window of entry. When one of the grooms falls on his own pitchfork in the stables it is he who applies a tourniquet deftly above the wound, and remembers to warn somebody to keep the ladies away.

He never argues with rural policemen when they wave him to a standstill in his car on a muddy night to tell him his back number plate is indistinguishable. He treats all officialdom with an icy politeness, allowing *them* to do all the talking. He finds this pays in the end, and will tell you so with a knowing wink.

He never allows himself, when driving, to become inflamed with righteous rivalry against the road-hog who hoots by tauntingly on a car which is obviously not faster than his, merely noisier in its gears. He does not trust, in public garages, to the ordinary key to the dickey. You will find there is a Yale lock on the back of his two-seater.

We most of us want to marry him at some time or another, and some of us succeed, but not until his masculine defences have become weakened by an increasing loneliness. Those of us who can boast of the possession of one of these "hard cases" find him not only an excellent husband, but a very present help in time of trouble of all kinds, domestic, social and financial; and it is when the latter turns up that you can understand why his enemies say he is "a hot proposition."

But being his wife, with the bias the other way, you want to retort, "And a jolly good thing, too!" SYLVIA SEALE

By VICTOR HICKS

"A BLACK LOOK OUT—IF HE GETS A LOOK IN"

Nazimova as Salome

SALOME REFUSES TO DANCE FOR HEROD

The striking settings were designed by a Russian artist of note, Natacha Rambova

THE DANCE OF DEATH

"THE HALF MY KINGDOM" — SALOME TEMPTED

It was inevitable that, sooner or later, Nazimova should make use of her exotic type of beauty to impersonate Salome. The "Star of a Thousand Moods" succeeds not only in making a film of great beauty and adhering faithfully to the original story, but also in passing the Censor in the "Dance of the Seven Veils," an achievement which speaks volumes for the artistry of the producers

GOLF. By One Who Doesn't

I have been asked to write an article on Golf, and as I have never really played the Royal and Antient Game, and know nothing whatever about it, any errors I may make must, of course, be put down, as usual, to the printer.

It is true I did once have a cut at the sport. A friend of mine set a golf ball on the top of a little heap of sand, and invited me to smite the thing into space. But the club he gave me was clearly a defective one, as it merely tore up the turf here and there, and left the ball untouched. A practical joke at my expense, no doubt.

Most of my friends golf (I understand the word is a verb as well as a noun). A neighbour whom I met the other evening carrying a bag full of old iron, asked me what my handicap is. I replied, truthfully enough, that it is the possession of champagne tastes on a four-ale income; and he passed sadly on his way doubtless convinced that I am a very profane person.

From what I have seen of golf, I have gathered the impression that you have first of all an elderly gentleman, who stands in a given spot, and wants to put a ball in a hole in the ground some distance away. Instead of walking up to the hole and dropping the ball in, he spends much time in trying to hook it to the desired spot with various implements, all of which appear to me to be lamentably unfitted for the purpose for which they are employed. From my observation of golfers, I should say that if the official rule of the game permitted of the employment of a club shaped like a homely fire-shovel, there would be a very large demand for it indeed.

I understand that every club used has its pet name. Personally, I regret to say, I do not know a niblick from a mashie, though, I presume, the latter is the kind of club you employ when you have a lady for a partner.

From personal observation I gather that a bunker is some kind of obstacle set up on the links so that if a ball should fall into it the player will have great difficulty in getting it out again.

You first have a go with the baffy, and then with the cleek, and then the handle of your walking-stick. When all your resources have thus far failed you, I believe you stand over the ball and "address it." I think I am right in saying that only with extreme difficulty could a vocabulary of golfing terms compiled for such emergencies pass even a liberal-minded censor.

Which reminds me that I was once told a golfing joke. It concerned an amiable parson who foozled his shot. (I trust that in my reckless use of language which I do not understand I am saying nothing unfit for use in schools and families.) The parson was heard to exclaim in the hearing of several hardened golfers, "Dear dear!" I am told that golf is a pastime of Scottish origin. This joke is, doubtless, a compatriot.

Most golfers employ a boy or man called a caddie, as far as my observation goes, to carry their bags of tools, and to set the ball in place for a shot. It seems to me, from what I have seen of golf as played near my home, it would only be an act of mercy to let the caddie finish the business, and smack the ball in the desired direction. It would certainly have a clearer chance of arriving at its destination.

I have seen announcement of nine-hole golf-courses, and eighteen-hole golf courses. Also, I have heard of links that have a nineteenth hole. I once asked a golfer, whose club I was visiting, if there was a nineteenth hole on the links, and he replied quite inconsequentially, "Come and have one."

As, however, I have no use for holes in the ground, whether numbered or otherwise, I politely excused myself, and pursued my way, wondering what there can be about golf to involve its devotees in such a deplorable confusion of ideas.

I am told that golf is a sport that outsiders cannot possibly understand. That I do conscientiously believe.

A. G.

By Frederick Parker.

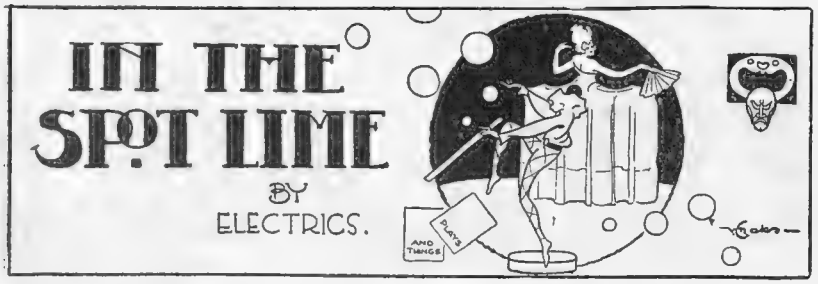
A STATION BUS(S)

Ma: "There now—I forgot to kiss you"
Guard: "Leave that to me, mum!"

A Question of De-Control

BY BERT THOMAS

THE GUEST: "Been long in the service of the family, Jelks?"
THE BUTLER: "Indeed, Sir, I am now serving the third degeneration"



ANGELO THIRKELL'S *Uplifted*, a translation of Henri Bernstein's *L'Elévation*, finds Mrs. "Pat." Campbell, they tell me, in the part of a girl in the early twenties. Nothing like the stage for keeping one young.

AUSTIN MELFORD, the part-author of *Battling Butler*, the show that appreciates (but by no means essentially needs) nice music to back it up, lays down an interesting rule for comedy writers. "First read the script to your youngster," he says, "and if the youngster laughs, then the public will." *Battling Butler*, it appears, was first tried out on Michael Melford, *ætat* five or so, and Michael duly "shrieked himself hoarse"; which certainly helps to give the rule a proof.

I SUPPOSE, all said and done, children *are* the best judges—the children, I mean, who are in their *first* childhood, not the children who so often seem to have the selecting of our West End "funny" plays, and who are very obviously in their second.

BY the way, if the rule ever gets universally adopted, there will surely be a great rush of bachelor funwrights to St. Martin's-in-the-Fields.

I LOVE that dear old trick a box-office man tried to play on me last week. "Any stalls to-night?" I asked. Long look of doubt . . . then two were suggested in Row N, at the side. "No, thanks, too far back" . . . then another long look . . . then "I may be able to fix you up a little nearer"—this with a 'phone conversation that was *supposed* to take place with a Bond Street library, which eventually "very reluctantly released two they had ear-marked earlier in the day—in the centre of Row C." The conversation *actually* took place with my box-office friend himself keeping his thumb well down on the receiver hook all the time. His takings, as a matter of fact, averaged about a couple of fivers a show, with never such luxury as a Bond Street library inquiry. But that wasn't for *me* to know—lest, being human, I should turn away to another theatre, where Success made the atmosphere bright. I took the two in Row C. The leading lady was a very old personal friend of mine.

MISS DOROTHY TETLEY

Who is appearing in "So this is London," which opened at the Prince of Wales' Theatre last week. Miss Tetley has recently returned from Prohibition-land where she played in "Bull-Dog Drummond," which, despite (or because of) its being a foreign importation to the home of melodrama, had an amazing success

IF you see two people, arriving late in the stalls, making a huge row as they cross to their places during a quiet but important stage passage, almost bullying the attendant in their anxiety to buy a programme and get change for a ten shilling note—all in half-pennies, dated 1908, or threepenny bits minted in Leap years—before they actually sit down, coughing and sneezing, assuring each other in the tones of a "2 L.O." broadcasting champion how thoroughly rotten the play is—then you can safely take 3 to 1 on their tickets having "Complimentary" stamped across them.

I'M no dramatic critic; but I do want to pay a tribute to Dorothy Holmes-Gore, who was deputising for Fay Compton in *Secrets* during Holy Week, and who drew large audiences on the sheer strength of a good performance. Against odds, she was . . . but to my mind she was much "softer," more sympathetic a Mary Carlton, than was the original when I saw her . . . just as, also to my mind, Ian Fleming was a better John than Léon Quartermaine. Good luck to these *inconnus*—by comparison.

THE vanity of some of our theatrical managements is appalling. One lets his theatre to another, who sub-lets, until a fourth or fifth gentleman produces, and the first stipulation in the contract is that the play shall be produced "By ————, in association with ————, by arrangement with, etc. . . ." But the play and the players are the thing—and there are only about two managers whose names are considered as reasonably good enough guarantees. The public, as a matter of fact, has never heard of half the names on posters and bills, names as many and as big-typed as that of the play, of the author (very possibly a slight "draw") and of the leading artists—who have, after all, *something* to do with the matter.

A Novel Method of Portraiture—

Photograph *G. P. U.*

—From Several Points of View

Miss Phyllis Titmuss, photographed in her dressing-room while being sketched in grease-paints on her mirror by Mr. MacMichael, "The Bystander" artist

Hung, Drawn, and Quartered

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

A FORECAST OF JUST A FEW "DEAD CERTS" FOR THIS YEAR'S ROYAL ACADEMY

Blanchette on Parties

Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

"Private dance lists in 'The Times'"

LONDON, April 16

DEAR COUSIN—

IT'S really rather delightful—isn't it?—to think that quite soon the time of lots and lots of real parties 'll be starting—not that they ever seem to dry up altogether, I mean. But must confess I rather like 'em sort of all falling over one another and treading on each other's heels, so to speak, like when what we still call the season's properly pushed off.

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AND 'bout that, we cert'nly shan't be long now, what with the Court coming back to town this very next week-end as ever is, and the Royal wedding happ'ning only just a few days later, *and* all the other events that's due to arrive by the end of this month and the beginning of next.

卐

EVEN the private dance season's begun (see *The Times* daily lists), and that's always a sure and certain symptom—isn't it?—that things are once more on the move. Dancing we have always with us, of course, at Ciro's and the Embassy and the Grafton Galleries and Murray's, not to mention hotels like the Savoy, New Metropole, and all the rest of 'em—but the private dance is quite an extra and especial breed all of its own—what? Where the dancing mayn't always be quite as good as some, but the comp'ny's above reproach, and your claret-cup and lemonade are handed you by haughty and irreproachable butlers, and white gloves, even, are quite often worn.

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ALL rather lovely and homely and respectable, but in the end I think, on the whole, I rather somehow like being respectable. I mean, there cert'nly *are* times—aren't there?—when you feel you simply must do a sort of a reckless dash. Couldn't possibly have your meal at home, f'rinstance, whether it's lunch or dinner. (Mr. Lloyd George is 'bout the only one who'd ever think of *breakfast* parties), or you'd positively scream, so you abs'lutely have to rush out to restaurants and places for it.

卐

AND awfully 'joyable it all is, too, for a change. Nothing to order, nothing to arrange, and no real worries, even if it isn't quite as perfect as you'd hoped—you just tick the restaurant people off, 'stead of yourself. *And*, of course, pay. Rather nice living at hotels, too, the country and seaside kind I mean, just for a while, anyway.

卐

TO come down to breakfast, f'rinstance, in all the rude health of a holiday, and be bowed into your chair by a couple of smiling waiters, who do their very best to kill you with kindness, as you might say. Positively press porridge on you, and carry on with kippers and eggs and bacon, not to mention marmalade.

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SAME programme at lunch, only you've really got into your stride by then, after a busy morning's golf or lawn tennis, and dinner's a joyous duty, no single course whereof must be neglected in a care-free world. And there's all the other people all around to study, too, and wonder who and what they are and why.

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DELIGHTFUL game—and, oh! how even more d'lightful it is, too, to get back afterwards to the simpler (and cheaper) meals of home! S'pose it's contrast, though, that really makes one enjoyeverything most, and it's only the very wisest philosophers among us who can go on doing the same old thing and finding it new and diff'rent every time. Which is, I s'pose—well, not sure we haven't struck all unbeknownst and by chance a kind of sort of definition of that fragile, much-hunted and elusive bird, Happiness—what?

"Country people are coming up"

卐

TALKING of the country, quite lots of people beginning to blow into

town already from all quarters of the U.K. (not to mention U.S.A.) for the revels of next week's Royal wedding. Which at the hotels and shops and places, they say, has made the season quite three weeks earlier than usual, spite of the King and Queen's going off to Italy so soon after. Though that, *on dit*, may lead to an Italian return visit ere long — and'll all help to colour and brighten things up, having perfect bevies of smart Italian officers in their lovely uniforms about the place, and all that sort of thing, won't it?

"... a subaltern on the N.W. Frontier"

And what heaps of splendid extra excuses for buying new frocks and hats, what with Royal *and* other weddings and shows coming thick and fast! Not that We think only of such light and frivolous matters, whatever some stern, superior, scornful critics may say, do we?

Have just been reading a rather sweet book, by the way, H. L. Mencken's *In Defence of Women*, wherein it is written that "women decide the larger questions of life correctly and quickly, not because they are lucky guessers, not because they are divinely inspired, not because they practise a magic inheritance from savagery, but simply and solely——." What do you think? Because they have *sense*.

Rather a nasty knock at men, in a way, come to think of it. And rather nice, too (though not *particularly* compliment'ry to either), this about how "man is always looking for someone to boast to; woman is always looking for a shoulder to put her head on," *i.e.*, and that is to say, both children—what?

Especially men, don't you think? Just got a letter, I have, f'rinstance, "on field service," from an officers' mess all the way from India up on the North-West Frontier, begging and imploring me to — no, you'd never guess. Just to "persuade the Editor of The Bystander, do, dear Blanchette, to send us the naughty golf story he announced on February 21 that one of the fair sex had sent him, but commits the crime of announcing his intention to keep it to himself. The mess is really very annoyed about it."

Quite cross, the poor, dear, childish things, and even murmuring (sez 'e) about not taking The Bystander any more (tut, tut!), "only I don't think we should do that really, as our youngest sub. has got That Young Feeling rather badly, and it was a long time before we could drag him away from this week's issue. The wily Mahsud, by the way, has now promised to be good, so the troops are starting to go back to the plains of India. Still, it's not too bad up here—and much cooler than cantonments."

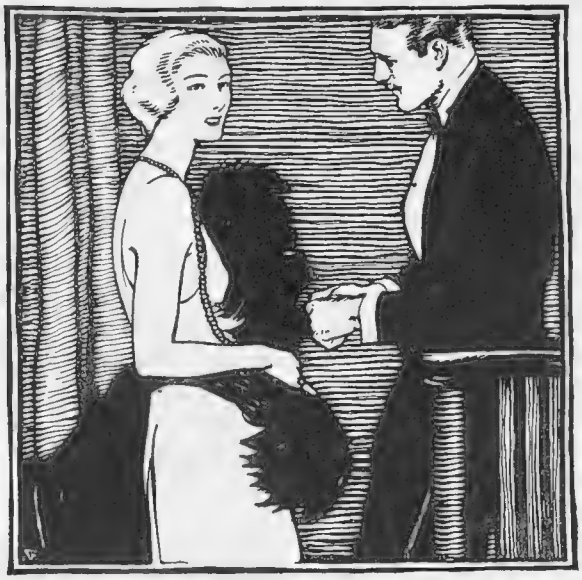
Rather intriguing and pathetic, isn't it, that little glimpse of life on the far-away hills, and a reminder, too, that our little wars still go on and on, and our gallant soldiermen are still busy dealing with 'em, while England peacefully works—and plays.

'Nother epidemic of after-Easter first nights last week, by the way, 'cluding 'specially that rather wonderful new Eugene O'Neill play, *Anna Christie*, with the sweet little new American star, Pauline Lord, of the hoarse voice and tragic smile. Even liked the American language as spoken by her, I did — and can't say no fairer nor that, can I?

Lots of excuses for buying new hats"

And soon, at this rate of going, in the way of amusements and parties, I mean, it'll be a case of the survival of the fastest, as they put it in that, anyway, part-American show, *The Rainbow*, at the Empire.

With love,
yours ever,
Blanchette



Dainty People

Now combat that film on teeth

Have you noted how many people now have whiter, prettier teeth? You see them wherever you look. The reason lies in a new cleaning method which millions now employ. If you don't know it, you should try it now.

Film is dingy

Your teeth are coated with a viscous film. You can feel it now. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays there. That film absorbs stains, then it forms dingy coats. Tartar is based on film.

No ordinary tooth paste can effectively combat film. So, under old methods beautiful teeth were less often seen than to-day. And tooth troubles became almost universal.

Film is now regarded as a potential source of most tooth troubles. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth and the acids may cause decay.

Nothing is more important to teeth than combating the film daily.

Two ways found

Dental science, after long research, found two film combatants. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it, and without any harmful scouring.

Able authorities proved these methods effective. Then dentists everywhere began to advise them. Now careful people of some fifty nations employ them, largely by dental advice.

A new type tooth paste was created, based on modern research. The name is Pepsodent. These two great film combatants were embodied in it.

Not film alone

But Pepsodent does more than fight film. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids which may cause tooth decay.

No Cost

For a 10-Day Tube

Simply Mail Coupon

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits on teeth which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

It thus gives manifold effect to Nature's great tooth-protecting agents. The result, the world over, is a fast-coming new dental era.

Tell your child

You want your children to endeavour to avoid the troubles that you may have suffered. Then tell them of Pepsodent, show them its effects. Dentists now urge that children use it from the time the first tooth appears.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

That test will be a revelation. It will convince you that you and yours need this new-day method. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent
TRADE MARK

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without use of harmful grit.

Sold in two sizes—1/3 & 2/-

974

10-DAY TUBE FREE

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
(Dept. 153), 42, Southwark Bridge Road, London, S.E.1.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to—

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Give full address. Write plainly.
Only one tube to a family. Bystander, 18/4/23.

SPORT *of the* WEEK

As Seen by the Camera

Photograph] THE FINEST WIN OF THE DAY *[Sport and General*

Scored for Charterhouse by V. E. Morgan in the four miles at the Public Schools Relay Races at Queen's Club after a great tussle with W. R. Milligan, the winner of the mile at the 'Varsity Sports

Photograph *J. W. Hall*

N. D. HAWKINS BREASTS THE TAPE

An easy winner at the Malvern College Sports of the "Ledbury Run," a cross-country race over a difficult course of nearly eight miles, and a severe test for a school-boy runner

Photograph] ETON'S VICTOR LUDORUM IN ACTION *[Sport and General*

The hurdle race at the Eton College Sports, of which G. L. Clay (nearest the camera) was the winner. By this and other victories, he gained the "Victor Ludorum" Cup with an aggregate of 57 points

Photograph] HARROW'S CHAMPION HIGH-JUMPER *[L. N. A.*

R. D. Bucher winning the high jump at Harrow School Sports with a jump of 5 ft. 3 ins. He was also second in the hurdles and in the long jump and third in the putting the weight

Photograph] H. R. NORMAN *[Sport and General*

Winning the high-jump at the Eton College Sports. He was third to G. L. Clay (see above) in the "Victor Ludorum" contest, for the highest aggregate of points scored in the various races, with 32 points

Photograph *Sport and General*

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

Presents the cup to the captain of the R.A.S.C. team who beat the 2nd Cameron Highlanders in the final tie of the Army Association Football Championship at Aldershot

Photograph *Farringdon Photo. Co.*

THE PRINCE OF WALES TAKING THE WATER JUMP

On his horse "Little Christy" in the race for the Members' Light Weight Cup at the Vale of White Horse Hunt Meeting last Wednesday at Castle Hill, near Swindon. He was second to Grane II., ridden by his owner, Capt. N. K. Worthington. "Little Christy" is by no means a generous hunter, and the Prince handled him extremely well

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE STAR AND CRESCENT POLO TEAM

Winners of the Counell Cup at the Allahabad Polo Tournament. Left to right: Dfr. Shah Mohammed, Capt. Ballantyne, Capt. Greenway and Capt. Cochrane

Photograph *Sport and General*

SURREY'S SEVEN SUPER-WOMEN

Who, headed by Miss Wethered, beat Kent in the Ladies' Inter-County Golf Competition by six matches to one, and Sussex by a like score last week, thereby gaining the headship of the Southern Division

ADDING TO THE DIFFICULTIES OF A DIFFICULT GAME

A competition was recently held at the Hague Golf Club in which the competitors had to be garbed in ordinary "morning" dress—tail coats, top hats and so forth. As the wind was high it was "some" handicap. Our photo shows the winners, Sir Adrian Bailie and Capt. Wells of the British Legation, on the 8th green

RACING·NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"

The "City"

It seems to be generally expected that the popular handicap at Epsom next week will go to one of the top weights, Soubriquet or Re-echo. The latter looks like becoming a red-hot favourite. Soubriquet appears to be doing very well at Newmarket, where she is the apple of Dawson Waugh's eye. Twelve months ago racing people scarcely realised the existence of Soubriquet, for she never ran as a two-year-old. But we were to know all about her when she came out in April, and at the first time of asking won the Tudor Stakes at Sandown Park. How she ran second in the One Thousand and the Oaks, and completed a series of successes by winning the Duke of York Handicap at Kempton Park with a penalty on her back are matters of racing history. I have frequently noticed that horses which win over the Jubilee course at Kempton usually do well at Epsom. Paragon was a recent example. I think, therefore, that the City and Suburban journey will suit Soubriquet, though she has been given plenty to do in the matter of weight.

A Warm Favourite

Re-echo, who is on the 8 st. 8 lbs. mark, has to allow her 9 lbs. for the beating he gave Soubriquet in the Cambridgeshire. That must bring the two pretty closely together. No doubt some students of racing will disfavour Soubriquet's chance in the "City" for the reason that no filly has won that race for twenty years. But the fallacy of making a fetish of this sort of thing was thoroughly exposed in this season's Lincolnshire Handicap, in which White Bud demonstrated that the chance of a mare or filly in a big handicap is bound to come at last. I have not forgotten the fine show Re-echo put up in the Derby after losing very many lengths at the start. I do not think he was ever really right last season until the back-end, and I am convinced that C. Leader is destined to win some more good races with him.

By "The Tout"

MRS. VERNET

A caricature of the charming lady "penciller" who is a familiar figure to all who go racing

Other Competitors

I suppose we can leave Clochnaben and Roman Fiddle out of "City" calculations now that they have incurred big penalties. Monarch and Granely have been given approximately the same weights as they carried into second and third places respectively last year. I think we can safely ignore the former's running at Lincoln, for the simple reason that those connected with him displayed no confidence in him. O. Bell's pair comprise Eaglehawk and Rock Fire. They were in different stables when they both failed to make a show in the Cambridgeshire, and I do not fancy either of them to beat Re-echo. The selected of "Atty" Persse's pair, Corcyrian and Erehwemos, may prove dangerous, but this course is surely a bit too sharp for Copyright. Port Royal will be one of the problems of the race. I think it can be taken for granted that we didn't see his best at Lincoln. Perhaps it was because he did not strike off as well as most of the others. My impression, however, was that he wanted a bit more time, and if that view is correct he should be in the right trim for Epsom.

A Likely Double

For the Great Metropolitan Stakes on the opening day of the Epsom meeting I fancy **Soliman's Orb,** who is now in O. Bell's capable hands. I couple him with **Re-echo** as a likely double. I am sorry we shall not see Epinard in the "City." His presence would have added greatly to the interest of that event. Not only was he the best two-year-old in France, but he was regarded as being one of the finest youngsters ever seen in that country. No wonder the handicapper asked him to carry the great weight (for a three-year-old) of 7 st. 9 lbs. in the "City." Let me give you a brief account of what Epinard accomplished last season. Two-year-olds in France are not brought out until midway through the season. On August 11, Epinard made his first appearance at Deauville, and won his race by five lengths. In the same week he won again, and then, three days afterwards, he was left at the post for the Prix Morny, and suffered the only defeat he has encountered so far. At the end of September he simply toyed with his rivals at Maisons Laffitte. He won at Longchamps just as easily, and then he had no difficulty in capturing the Grand Criterium, which is equivalent in importance to our Middle Park Plate. Finally, in another race at Longchamps he brilliantly defeated the crack colt in Madame Blanc's powerful stable. Epinard has been enthusiastically described by good judges as a "veritable wonder."

Newmarket

It will be delightful to be at Newmarket again this week for the Craven Meeting, where, let me note, admirable railway arrangements have been made for the fixtures at headquarters this season. The running in the Craven Stakes will be watched with special interest in view of classic prospects. I shall look for the success of **Light Hand** or, in his absence, of Top Gallant, who will be better known as the Galante colt. The Column Produce Stakes on Wednesday may be won by **Hurry Off,** and the Wood Ditton Stakes by **Pombal.** For the Doveridge Handicap at Derby on Friday **Humpty Dumpty** is my selection.

A REMINDER

If you want that 100 Guineas for titles, better turn to page 58.

When the winning brain-wave has reached you, send in your entry quickly.

HANDY SIZE—*Ideal for travellers, office use, week-end bag . . .* 1/9

HOUSEHOLD SIZE —*most suitable for regular family use.* 3/-

The Verdict of History

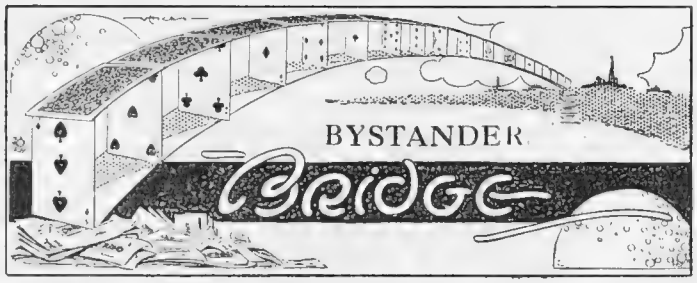
"FRUIT SALT" was first compounded at Newcastle-on-Tyne by Mr. J. C. Eno, a qualified and experienced apothecary. That was over half a century ago. To-day it is known in every country in the world, and recommended extensively by doctors.

Of purely English origin, it has always remained a British possession. In fact, ENO follows the flag, and has become an inevitable part of British civilisation. Great and widespread as is its sale, the demand for ENO increases steadily. That is because people are getting ever more alive to the dangers of drastic mineral salts which, even when they do not upset one's constitution, are apt to form a harmful habit.

Time, the great tester, has proved ENO; History, the great judge, has given ENO the premier place among salines. The verdict of history is unerring. The wise accept it—and readily adopt Nature's Golden Rule of Health:

First thing every morning, drink a glass of water, warm or cold, sparkling with a dash of ENO

THE WORDS "FRUIT SALT" AND "ENO" ARE THE REGISTERED TRADE MARKS OF J. C. ENO, LTD., LONDON, S.E. 14



BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER

THEY had dined together well and long, and started playing Bridge. At 10.30 the younger man rose, and said he thought he had better telephone his wife before starting another rubber.

"I wouldn't bother just yet," said the elder man. "At what time does she *suspect* you?"

. . . . . .

Someone said to me recently that Mah Jong, the Chinese game, is likely to prove a serious rival to Bridge. Last year it became a rage in the United States, and I understand that in New York alone there are to-day more than a dozen persons teaching it. On Transatlantic liners it is very popular, but so far in this country it has not caught on to any great extent, although I did see an advertisement in the *Times* last week from "a lady with actual experience in playing with Chinese noble families," offering to give lessons "to a few selected families at their own houses."

. . . . . .

Mah Jong is fascinating. There is glamour about it. But I don't think it will ever supersede Bridge. For one thing it is rather complicated and cumbersome. You play with no less than 136 pieces, which resemble dominoes in size and appearance. There are five suits. The three principal suits are known as "Dots," "Bamboos," and "Characters," and have 36 pieces to a suit. The fourth suit contains only 16 pieces, four duplicates of the four "Winds," North, South, East and West. The fifth suit has 12 pieces, 4 red dragons, 4 green dragons and 4 white dragons.

Science and subtlety come into the play, and a good memory is required. One of the chief disadvantages of the game at present is its expensiveness. A set of Mah Jong costs fifty shillings. I daresay if the game really catches on cheaper sets will be produced.

. . . . . .

While I am against the imposition of numerous pettifogging penalties, I think something ought to be done to the declarer who constantly leads out of the wrong hand. It is a tiresome and annoying practice, and with some players it seems to be an ineradicable habit. Under the American laws, if declarer names or *touches* a card in dummy, he must play it, and I am inclined to think this is a salutary rule.

. . . . . .

Solution to Bystander Weekly Bridge Competition No. V. (March 28, 1923)

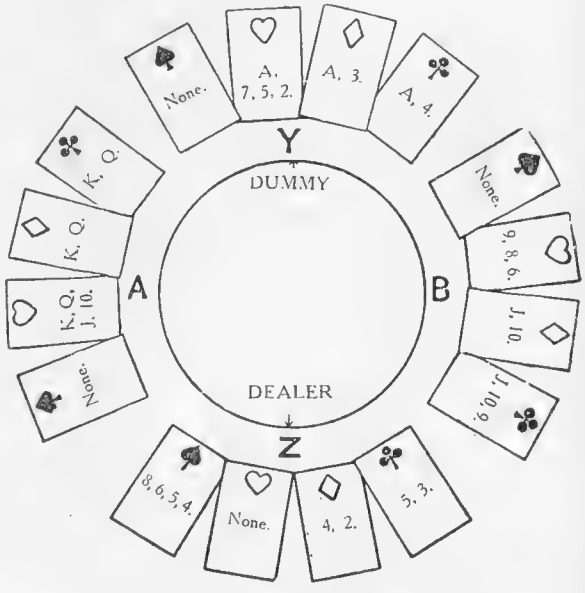
(*a*) Three Spades.
(*b*) Two no trumps.
(*c*) Two no trumps
(*d*) Three hearts.

No fewer than twenty-one competitors have sent in correct solutions. By adding nine shillings to the prizes the Editor has arranged to send nine shillings each to the following competitors: "S. A. L.", Sugnall Hall, Eccleshall, Staffordshire; Miss Florence Wilson, 18, Blythswood Drive, Glasgow; Owen Serjeant, The Glen, Stanmore, Middlesex; Miss W. Raphael, Porter's Park, Shenley, Herts.; E. A. Gregory, 8, Strachan Place, Wimbledon Common, S.W. 19; Miss Reay, Moorhurst, Hollington, Sussex; C. T. Reay, Moorhurst, Hollington, Sussex; J. Baird, 195, Church Road, Hove; Lieut.-Colonel W. G. Grant, Hull and East Riding Club, Hull; Lieut.-Colonel A. C. Gabbett, Corwen, St. George's Hill, Weybridge; C. L. Gardiner, Conservative Club, Birmingham; C. A. Baker, Royal Automobile Club, S.W. 1; "Jayar," Tuesley Manor, Godalming, Surrey; C. A. Young, 71, Court Lane, Dulwich, S.E. 21; L. F. Clist, 210, Church Road, Hove; Pay-Lieut. H. B. Lejeune, R.N., 22, Rothsay Road, Bedford; "Melita," 8, Julian Road, Folkestone; Miss Beck, 1, York Buildings, Weymouth; J. C. Lorraine, Nordrach-on-Dee, Banchory, N.B.; Mrs. V. Eller, 40, Bramham Gardens, S.W. 5; "Jack," "The Wheatsheaf" Inn, Dorking, Surrey.

. . . . . .

BYSTANDER WEEKLY BRIDGE COMPETITION No. VIII.

Z is declarer, and Spades are trumps, and Z has taken the first five tricks. The lead is now in dummy (Y), and the cards are:—



How can Z make a grand slam?

Each week, until further notice, prizes will be offered as follows: **FIRST PRIZE £5.** SECOND PRIZE **£3.** THIRD PRIZE **£1.**

The following conditions must be observed: 1. Replies must be received not later than first post on Tuesday, 24th April. 2. Not more than one solution may be sent by any one competitor. Every competitor must give full name and address, but pseudonym may be used. 3. All solutions should be addressed to Bridge No. VIII, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, London, E.C. 4. 4. My decision on the problems must be regarded as final, and no correspondence on the Competitions can be entered into. In the case of several correct solutions, the prizes will be awarded to the senders of the first three opened on the closing date, Tuesday, April 24.

To H.M. THE KING H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

BY APPOINTMENT

"IF I'd only known," thinks the man who backed the wrong horse. "If I had only guessed," says the woman who has passed on a secret.

We can't be forearmed in everything. But we can be about a hat. Whether we pay the popular price of a guinea or demand the finest hat that is procurable, we know the standard of workmanship is the highest, and the style beyond question when that hat is a

Style S/2797

Lincoln Bennett

Hats of character and reputation

Lincoln Bennett soft felt hats, made from Nutria, Hares' and Coney furs, are priced at **42/-, 35/-, 25/-** and **21/-** (Silk or satin linings are supplied, if desired, and cost from **1/6** to **3/-**)

The price of a Lincoln Bennett felt hat depends solely upon the kind of fur from which it is made.
We shall be pleased to send you on request our explanatory booklet, **"Felt Hats, what they are made of and how to choose them."**

Supplied by the Best Hatters throughout the Kingdom

LINCOLN BENNETT & Co Sackville Street PICCADILLY LONDON TRADE MARK

Cruelty and its cure

"WHERE THE BLUE BEGINS"

By "THE KENNELMAN." *Sketches by NICOLSON*

DURING the past month, so many BYSTANDER readers have written on the subject of cruelty to animals (with special reference to Dogs) that the Kennelman can neither ignore the subject in these notes, nor compass separate replies to all correspondents.

Being no sentimentalist himself, he strongly believes that all who seek betterment in this serious matter would be well advised to divorce their arguments entirely from sentimentality. It's unnecessary, and weakens most causes.

A sound thrashing would probably be a more appropriate, efficacious, and economical form of penalty for most kinds of ruffianism than any at present in vogue; but, having regard to the conditions, it's a mistake to agitate for corporal punishment, because (*a*) many worthy folk who are genuinely keen on putting down cruelty to animals are also hotly opposed to this form of penalty, and (*b*) our existing laws and penalties are not at all bad, and would be efficacious if sanely applied; and it should be easier to enforce their application than to replace them with new ones. Therefore, good correspondents, I pray you, concentrate upon enforcing the sane application of existing law.

I gather there's no doubt that the serving of, say, six months' hard labour (no second division compromises, please!) is truly a pretty unpleasant business; a sharp, severe lesson no man or woman—especially those of the non-labouring class—is likely to forget. Magistrates are authorised to inflict that penalty for wilful cruelty to animals, and frequently do inflict it for such relatively trivial offences as stealing things to eat. The magistrate who, possessed of these powers, chooses, instead of using them, to impose a small fine, in cases of damnable cruelty, is unfit for his job, and unworthy the respect of right-minded people. Make 'em all feel that. Rub it in remorselessly.

"Educate your Dog pal for yourself"

Our people are not naturally cruel. Laxity tending to develop cruelty tends toward national degradation, just as surely as dirtiness, or doping, or any other such vice. Through the different leagues, the Press and the platform, socially and in every other way, condemn, boycott, ostracise, and instil contempt of any knock-kneed misfit now on the judicial bench, who fails to use the powers the law gives him to award imprisonment, *with hard labour*, to every person guilty of deliberate cruelty to animals.

Do you happen to have come upon a new book called, *Where the Blue Begins*, by Christopher Morley? It's published by Heinemann at 5*s*. I can't read very much, but I like to see all new Doggy books, and this is one of the most remarkable I've come across. It doesn't necessarily follow you will like it; but it's very remarkable.

A.M.W. (Yorks)—Your enquiries are so typical, that they ought to be answered in print. In a lonely country district, desiring the active companionship of an Alsatian, you are a bit put off by so high a price as 30 guineas for a grown Dog, but hesitate over getting a youngster for 10 or 12 guineas, because of distemper risks, and the work of education. (With regard to colour, be it said at once that, while grizzled wolf-grey may be more popular than other shades, black and tan, black, brown and fawn are equally permissible; and, indeed that colour by itself is not a factor in the correct judging of this breed.) For the rest, there is much to be said for educating your Dog pal for yourself. You will make him more wholly part and parcel of your own life, sharer of your own habits and predilections, than a mature Dog could become. As for distemper, he may be smitten at any age at all. (See the best canine vet. in your district regarding inoculation; not, so far, an absolute preventive, but a simple and worthwhile precaution.) Diet: spare, sound, genuinely nutritive; designed, not to fill, but to feed; 75 per cent. lean flesh to 25 per cent. starch; from three to six months, two square and one light meal daily; from six to nine months, two squares only; thereafter, one good, square meal, and, according to the individual, *one* snack; no more.

Few labours of love are more interesting, or better worth while, than the all-round education of a well-bred Dog, from three to twelve months. It's perfectly amazing how his development will reflect the character of his nearest human associates.

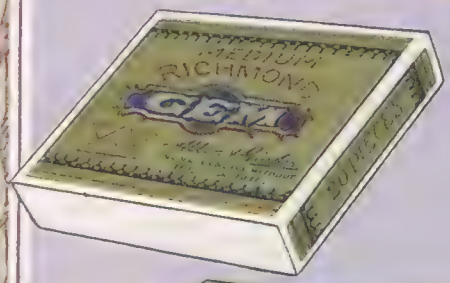
Thirty-five separate Dog Shows will be held in different parts of London and the provinces during the next ten days. Is Britain going to the Dogs?

The Bystander Super Zoo

BY L. R. BRIGHTWELL.

No. V.—Dear Old Pigeon and Little Sparrow—those well-known men about Town!

RICHMOND GEM CIGARETTES.



A REALLY CHOICE PIPE TOBACCO

1/4 LB. TIN 5/2

ALSO IN 1.oz & 2.oz. PACKETS

"Summer-time"

Liberty, Equality—and a Little Jealousy

By "RENÉ." *ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN*

MES AMIS—

HAVE you ever thought how fortunate you are to live under a monarchy? Probably not. Every nation has the habit to perceive more easily the defects of the *régime* which it does experience than to appreciate the advantages. It is for the onlooker to draw attention to the benefits. The occasion for the reflections is suggested by the death of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, which has had the peculiar effect to emphasise one of the most regrettable features of the Republican *régime*. This unpleasant element is an excessive jealousy.

THE extremists of Equality have had the audacity to protest against the terms of admiration which have been employed in the newspapers in description of the talents of the "Divine Sarah." They have contended that there has been exaggeration and that such exaggeration is without the justification. Can you conceive a more puerile display of littleness? As if it were possible to reduce all genius to a common level of insipidity. Nature made Bernhardt a queen of the stage. No man-manufactured phrase about Equality could remove her from her throne.

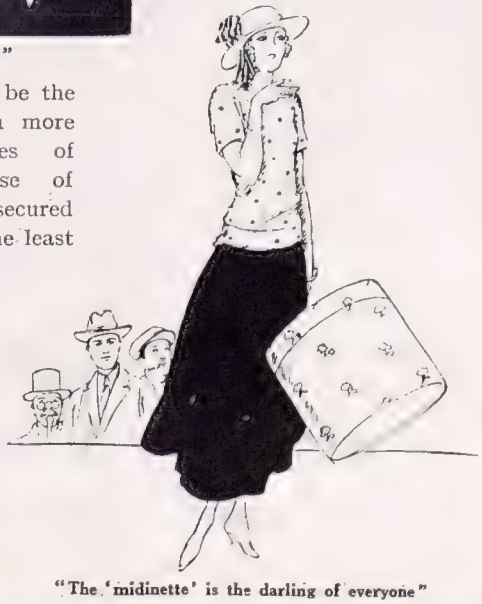
To seek to impose an equality of ability is an absurdity almost beyond belief. Possibly it might not even be worth comment, but for the fact that the Bernhardt incident is far from being an isolated one. In a far different sphere Georges Carpentier has suffered acutely from the jealousy which is the outcome of the theory, and also Suzanne Lenglen. Immediately a person erects himself on a pinnacle by his natural gifts he is the object of the attacks of these envious equalisers.

OF course, it is not the principles of republicanism which are to blame. Merely the interpretations to which they give rise. In a Republic there appears to be the possibility to offend much more easily the susceptibilities of sections. Take the case of "summer-time." You have secured "summer-time" without the least obstacle because it is known to be the best for the greatest number. That is known to be equally the case in France. All the Deputies have been aware of it, but they have been unwilling to adopt it because the peasants have indicated their dislike of it. An effort has to be made to evolve a scheme which shall not discontent anyone too much. So now we are to have a kind of "summer-time" which is intended to be "half-summer-time" while, officially, it is not "summer-time" at all. We shall disprove the French proverb which says that a door must be either open or closed.

"Dancing closed by the Police"

THERE will be an effort to start the tasks of the day half an hour earlier under benign pressure. While the clocks will remain where they are the trains will be advanced thirty minutes, and so will the opening of the public offices. If our relations with England were not already in a sufficient tangle, this peculiar experiment will tie a few more knots in the line of relationship. Imagine the plight of a passenger who is crossing the Channel from Dover to Calais when you have complete "summer-time" and we have only "half-summer-time." He will be half-way over the Channel before he has started.

IT must not be thought, however, that a Republic is never mindful of the interests of the citizens.



"The 'midinette' is the darling of everyone"

There are, in fact, occasions when it can be quite fatherly. Such has been recently the case in the Quartier du Sentier, which is a part of Paris in which hundreds of *midinettes* are employed. Much indignation was aroused at first when it was announced that the *dancing du déjeuner* which had been established had been closed by the orders of the police.

Up spake the furious populace. What! The lunch-hour *dancing* of the *midinettes* to be suppressed when the *dancings* of the idle rich were tolerated almost all the afternoon and the greater part of the night! The evening newspapers lashed themselves into passion, for the *midinette* is the darling of everyone. But it has now been discovered that the Prefecture had played the rôle of the kindly uncle. An undesirable kind of partner had made the *dancing du déjeuner* his hunting ground, with sorry results. It was in the interests of the girls themselves that the establishment was closed. Moreover, it is announced that they will be authorised to open another if it conforms to the original intention of a dancing-class, and if a strict supervision is observed to exclude such shady gentry as those who wrecked the first effort.

"At the Grand Guignol"

It is difficult, in fact, to maintain anger for long in these glorious days of the early season. Rarely has the "season" got off with such a swing so early in the year. All the Paris attractions are already in full stride. The restaurants in the Bois de Boulogne are open—the Château de Madrid, the Dauphine and the Pre-Catelan. Also the *chic* dance-haunts both near to and far from the Bois, like the Acacias and the "Jardin de ma Sœur"—the newest, the Perroquet, and all the old favourite night resorts.

The theatres have their programmes in good working order, with new revues at the Folies-Bergère, the Palace and Ba-Ta-Clan, while *La Haut* has successfully replaced *Phi-Phi* and *Dédé* at the Bouffes-Parisiens, with Maurice Chevalier as effective as ever, and the Grand Guignol has a new selection of horrors for English tourists who like to experiment in goose-flesh. The State theatres are, of course, unchanged in their perfection, and need no recommendation.

René

Can You Title This Picture? 100 Guineas in Prizes

This intriguing picture was originally intended by the artist for submission to this year's Royal Academy. The Editor, however, thought it *much* too good for Burlington House, and at once secured it for BYSTANDER readers. He is offering the following prizes for the smartest titles to the picture:

1st Prize, 50 Gns.; 2nd Prize, 20 Gns.; 3rd Prize, 10 Gns.; and 20 One-Guinea BYSTANDER Bridge Sets.

This Competition will remain open for a few weeks in order to allow our readers abroad to compete. The closing date will be announced later, but competitors—especially those living abroad—should enter immediately to ensure that their entries are received in time. Each entry must be made on the special coupon appearing on page iv of this issue or on similar coupons appearing in each subsequent issue of "The Bystander" until the closing date. Any number of titles may be sent in, but each attempt must be made on the official coupon.

A reproduction of the beautiful double-page picture in full colour which appeared in our issue of March 28. A limited number of full-size reproductions in colour on art paper may be obtained, post free, from the Publisher, on receipt of postal order for 3/-

Evelyn.

"Since she was twelve months old my little girl Evelyn has had nothing but 'Ovaltine' and I think you will agree that she is a lovely child."

RADIANT with health—the picture of happy childhood—every mother would delight to see her little one as bonnie and healthy.

Her mother says, "It is all due to 'Ovaltine' that I have such a bonnie child. She is 4½ years of age and weighs 3½ stones."

The secret of those graceful, sturdy limbs and cheeks aglow with health is simply adequate nutriment. Little Evelyn has not merely had sufficient food, but food specially rich in nutriment and body-building elements. Her daily food beverage has been "Ovaltine."

Every child should have the opportunity of being as healthy and happy. Let "Ovaltine" take the place of every other beverage.

The vitalizing and nourishing properties of "Ovaltine" are extracted from creamy milk, fresh eggs and ripe barley malt. These are highly concentrated and presented in the form of a delicious and easily digested beverage. It is unsurpassed for creating health and strength.

OVALTINE

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body

Sold by all Chemists and Stores throughout the British Empire. Prices in Great Britain, 1/6, 2/6, and 4/6 per tin.

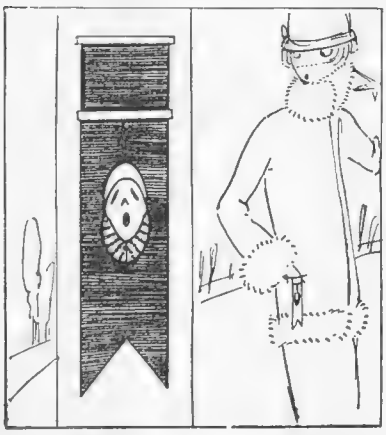
A. WANDER, Ltd., 45, Cowcross St., London, E.C.1.

P.193

The Beauty that Isn't Skin Deep

BY "CANDIDA"

MAN is a creature of habit, as somebody once said who must have thought it his duty to point out the obvious and unpleasant truths which civilisation tucks away comfortably till someone comes along with a muck-rake. Habit is fashion, more or less, and what, I ask you, would existence be without fashion? Unlivable, of course. So when people insist that fashion is an exhibition of weakness, one can only say that even weakness may have its points, and that a world of heroes would be a mighty unpleasant place to live in. Of course, it's not exactly nice to realise that our opinions, judgments, likes and dislikes, as well as the cut of our clothes, are inspired by—say—hypnotic suggestion, but it's a blessing, nevertheless. If everybody accepted nothing, took nothing for granted, and insisted on being original always, we would have Armageddon all over again. It may not be the best of all possible worlds to live in, but, thanks to fashion, if we've money enough, health enough, leisure enough and humour enough we can exist quite nicely, thank you.



DEAR URSULA, *April 13*

A fob watch is "the thing" just now, and this black ribbon with the Pierrot head in agate and his ruffle of seed pearls looks very "distingué" hanging from a suit pocket—

FASHION, the real foundation which the world rests on, is not given credit for her mighty works. The poor dear is taken to stand for nothing, except the way they make our skirts and cut our sleeves, and is always relegated to the back pages of magazines. Whereas she—the goddess in the machine—really has a finger in everything, including the vices of men and the virtues of women, which virtues, some gifted person once said, were man's greatest invention. I don't agree with him. It's not man, it's fashion that invents them.

NOW the virtue that's as dead as a door nail is "modesty," whatever that may mean, or may have meant a generation ago. You discuss everything in public, everything, because—no I don't know why, unless it is because it's the fashion; you uncover everything—or nearly—when you're dressed in your best, for the same reason, of course, and now nobody dreams of keeping inviolate the mysteries of their complexion. Boldly, blatantly, in the eye of everybody, you make up in public. Now I'm all for the plain speaking, it saves such a lot of trouble in the end; and the undressing is—well, if you've got a good figure, there's the classic example as an excuse, anyway; but the painting, done here, there, and everywhere, is rather disconcerting. I do like to be taken in just a little, to be illuded sometimes. Why must we tear away all the veils, throw all the cards on the table?

Pam in Paris

My very latest is an "anklet"—a fine gold chain to wear under my transparent flesh-colour stockings. If no one notices it, I pretend there is a mouse on the floor and jump up on the nearest high place—

WHEN I've admired some charming young thing's wonderful colouring, it's a blow to be let unasked into the secret of it. When she produces at lunch, at tea, at the play, at any old where, out of the depths of a faithful moiré bag, a mirror, a lip-stick, an eye-brow pencil, and the inevitable puff, and unconcernedly proceeds to repair the damage, if any, I feel that for once fashion has blundered. Does she feel it too? Not a bit of it. Ten years ago we'd rather have died than have admitted that the pink in our cheeks did not grow there. At ten in the morning or thereabouts, every self-respecting lady emerged from her room with a complexion dressed for the day, and, whatever happened, it managed to wear till the evening. Our nerves, I suppose, were made of sterner stuff, and so were our complexions.

NOUS avons changé tout cela. And although they never made such perfect powders and enchanting face creams as they do to-day, they've somehow lost the art of sticking on. Beauty isn't even skin-deep nowadays. It's like the bloom on a peach, the powder on a butterfly's wing, and can't be persuaded to last for more than half an hour or so. As it's obviously impossible to be seen disappearing at such frequent intervals, one brazens out the situation and does one's repairing in public. It's become the fashion, and isn't that excuse enough? Besides, to help with the repairing, people have invented perfectly adorable little bags and boxes to hold the puffs and paints and things. Obviously, it would be a crime not to use them.

Pierrot is all the rage just now, and his latest evolution is in silver on a leather bag, where he gazes at a silver moon in the opposite corner

PAMELA

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Let Gaze's handle the problem for you

A STONE BRIDGE AT "THE GAZEWAY"

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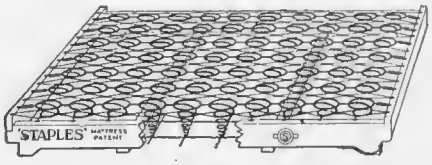
Messrs. STAPLES & Co Ltd have the honour to announce that they have been appointed Wire Mattress and Bedstead Manufacturers to H.M. THE KING



The regal luxury of a Staples Mattress is now within reach of all. It is the last word in luxury and the first step to good health. Sold by ALL furnishers, 3 ft., 99/-; 4 ft. 6 in., 118/6.

Ask to see Staples Bedsteads.

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The Literary Log

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

THE early death of Sir Mark Sykes, at a moment when his astonishing knowledge of Eastern affairs made his place impossible to fill, was a calamity. It is possible that the big public did not realise the great part which this most lovable Yorkshire squire had played in the War. His whole life was a romance, and a fitting record of his labours has now been prepared by his cousin, that admirable biographer and essayist, Mr. Shane Leslie. *Mark Sykes: His Life and Letters* (Cassell: 16*s.* net) is a book which you must put on your library list at once. It gives you the vividest possible picture of this unusual and wholly splendid man who was cut down in his prime. Here you are shown him from the days when dull school-work would be calmly interrupted by the much more important journeys into Asia, to the time of his political triumphs in the House of Commons and that tragic ending in Paris. Delightful extracts from his letters are given, and a number of his inimitable caricatures. There is a preface by Winston Churchill and appreciations from numerous friends. Mr. Leslie has used his materials very wisely and well, and his book is a fitting monument of a man whose like, as one of his admirers writes, will not soon be seen again.

IT may be, as Miss Pamela Wynne thinks, that *Ann's an Idiot* (Philip Allan: 7*s.* 6*d.* net). I shall leave others to decide. Going out to India, Ann behaves in a manner which causes surprise. Major Seymour, the possible culprit, makes such amends as a man can, and does not regret it; but affairs do not run smoothly at first, either for him or the girl. Ann is abducted; nasty people are about who say nasty things; there even comes a time when you wonder a little about the Major, in spite of his row of decorations. But idiocy of this kind must come to an end at long last, and Major Seymour brings off his biggest coup. A readable novel, though on the long side.

❀

THEY tell me that the libraries have banned Mr. Douglas Goldring's new novel, *Nobody Knows* (Chapman and Hall: 7*s.* 6*d.* net). I refrain from making the obvious joke. The book gives a life-like picture of a little group of post-war people, some of them jolly and some of them mightily odd, who seem to be straining every moment of their lives to be modern. You read on, and you see how clever it all is—it is, indeed, brilliant in places—and you enjoy almost every chapter. At the same time you cannot wholly rid yourself of the idea that Mr. Goldring is treating these people of his as though they were fair representatives of the metropolitan youth of to-day. That, I am convinced, they are not. They form but the tiniest clique. On the other hand, there is so much in the book that is true of this singular period of ours that you recognise the novel for a fine piece of work. It is queerly intriguing, and—it has been banned.

❀

POISON seems popular just now. A doctor, who in the most cold-blooded fashion attempts to murder his wife, is the chief figure in Gertie de S. Wentworth-James's new novel, *The Wife Who Wasn't Wanted* (Werner Laurie: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), and Mr. Harold Eaton in his *Famous Poison Trials* (Collins: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) recalls to one's memory the stories of five notorious poisoners. Of these, Palmer of Rugely is not likely to have many rivals. He murdered everybody, so to speak, within reach. The others include the ineffectual Crippen, the unpleasant Seddon, and the less well-remembered Dr. Lamson. Mr. Eaton retells the stories simply and well.

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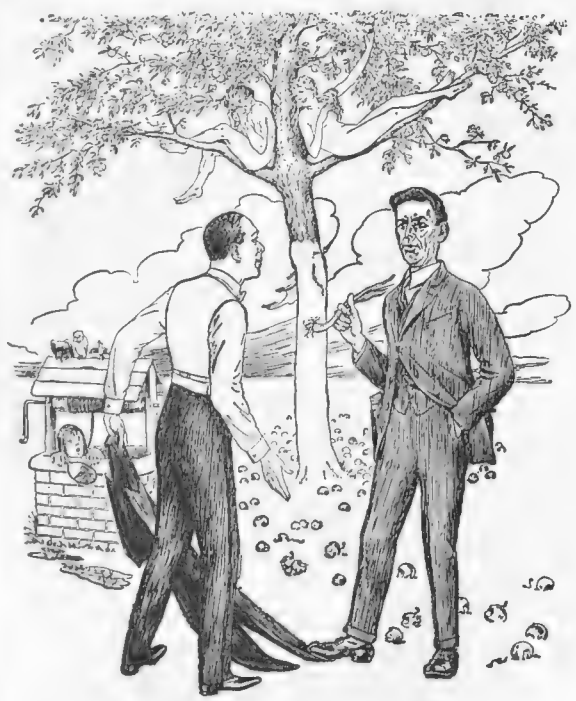
By Appointment to H.M. the King of Spain



The Magic Carpet

A DISGUSTING NECESSITY.

BY H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

SOME of us are born sensitive, some acquire sensitiveness by a painful process, and some have it thrust upon them by a sudden nausea. But however we may be constituted in these strenuous days—by the blessings or the cursings of the gods—none of us can evade the disgusting necessity of calculating the cost of all things. Taxation having become terrific, prices become paramount, and culture is temporarily at a discount.

The minimum price now for a Pope and Bradley lounge suit has been reduced to nine guineas; it used to be twelve. *There is no possibility of this minimum of nine guineas being reduced in the near future—if ever.*

It does not interest this House that other firms charge more or less, for below this price it is utterly impossible to produce a really well-cut and tailored suit of first-class material, and it is only because Pope and Bradley possesses the greatest as well as the most exclusive connection in the West End of London that the price is commercially possible.

The net profit on these nine guinea suits, as verified by my Chartered Accountants, amounts to under 10 per cent., and it requires no mathematical genius to appreciate that this is the barest margin upon which it would be possible to trade.

It must be remembered that Pope and Bradley's standard of quality, irrespective of the market never varies, and only the finest materials in the world are stocked. By trading on a modest basis of profit an amazingly successful business has been established. This is an eloquent testimony to the value of the productions. Lounge Suits from £9 9s. 0d. Dinner Suits from £14 14s. 0d. Dress Suits from £16 16s. 0d. Riding Breeches from £4 14s. 6d. Overcoats from £7 7s. 0d.

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The Cigarette with the Pedigree.

"His honour is Colonel Esmond's grandson that used to send you Tobacco and his honour have come all the way from Virginia"
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Tobacco and Virginia - inseparable terms and in particular inseparable from Thackeray and the "Three Castles" Brand of which he wrote in "The Virginians". And here in the person of Henry Esmond Warrington Esq., is a link with the old and the new - a link of which every "Three Castles" Cigarette is a symbol. Rich in quality and full of dignity in the "pedigree" - typical of the sterling worth of an English ancestry and an honourable House.

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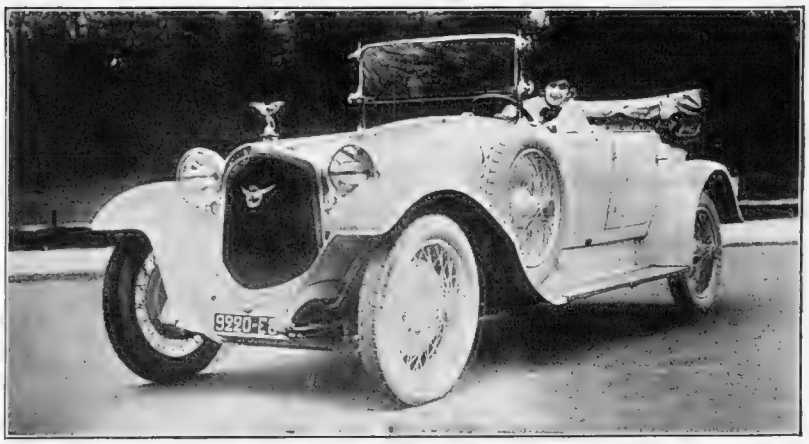
MOTOR NOTES



A MOVIE STAR ON THE MOVE

Miss Pearl White, the heroine of a thousand film escapes by aeroplane, hydroplane, submarine, motor — any old way, so long as it's an "escape" — takes a quiet run in her powerful 37.2 h.p. Farman car

VISITORS to London, who hire cars, are familiar with the Blue Bird Daimler service. Recently, the Blue Bird Company opened a gigantic petrol filling station in King's Road, Chelsea, one of the main arteries of London on the Portsmouth road, and way down south, where fifteen cars can be replenished with oil and petrol at one time, and repairs carried out with the same cheerfulness and despatch at 2 a.m. as they would be at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Also, in six months' time, a garage for 300 cars will be completed—the buildings will be erected behind the petrol station—in order to meet the demand of present shortage of garage space in London. Commercial motor users will be pleased to learn that a 240-ton hydraulic tyre press will be available then for tackling giant tyres such as are fitted to the back wheel of Foden's and other six or eight-ton load vehicles, without the removal of the wheels from the back axle. Solid tyres of this character can only be tackled by an hydraulic press, and there are not too many of them about in London, so the sooner this new garage with its equipment is completed, the better it will be for the motor vehicles of this country.

* * *

THE Hupmobile was the only decent car obtainable immediately after the War for a low figure, to carry four or five persons comfortably. At its present price of £425, it is a suitable proposition as a family car for those who do not want to jog along our roads much faster than 35 miles an hour. At least that is my impression after a recent short trial on a brand new Hupmobile which had not, I suppose, run 50 miles. Of course, the engine was pretty stiff, as the American manufacturer, though he may give his engine a bit of a run in, usually leaves the purchaser to finish this job. At the same time, it was rather wonderful to notice how this engine improved in its pulling powers the further it was driven. The springing is very good indeed on this Hupmobile, but I must say, for the long-legged man, the foot controls require considerable adjusting in order that he may be comfortable. This, however, is a point of criticism which I have to make on practically every American car I try. And yet somehow or another the Americans who come over here do not seem to be all midgets, so

(*Continued on page 66*)

The Lanchester 40 H.P. Car

A PERFECTLY designed and splendidly finished Car — delightfully simple to handle, economical to run, and possessing extraordinary reserve power. It has the charm of beautiful coachwork, luxurious refinements, and withal a most dignified and unostentatious appearance. We invite you to take any trial you choose. Only by personal experience can you obtain proof of the superiority of the Lanchester Car over all others.

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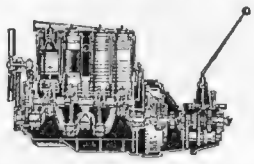
Catalogues and photographs on application.

WILLYS-KNIGHT.



Simplicity and Silence.

Most automobile engines are of the poppet-valve type. The Willys-Knight sleeve valve, unlike the poppet-valve type, is simple—free from complicated valve mechanism, and it is the only type of engine that actually improves with use—grows quieter and more powerful with each succeeding thousand or ten thousand miles.

The Willys-Knight is free from vibration, smooth in operation—and carbon, the foe of all other engines, actually increases compression. It wears in while others are wearing out.

Send for literature.

Seven-Seater Sedan .. £695 *Five-Seater Touring .. £465*
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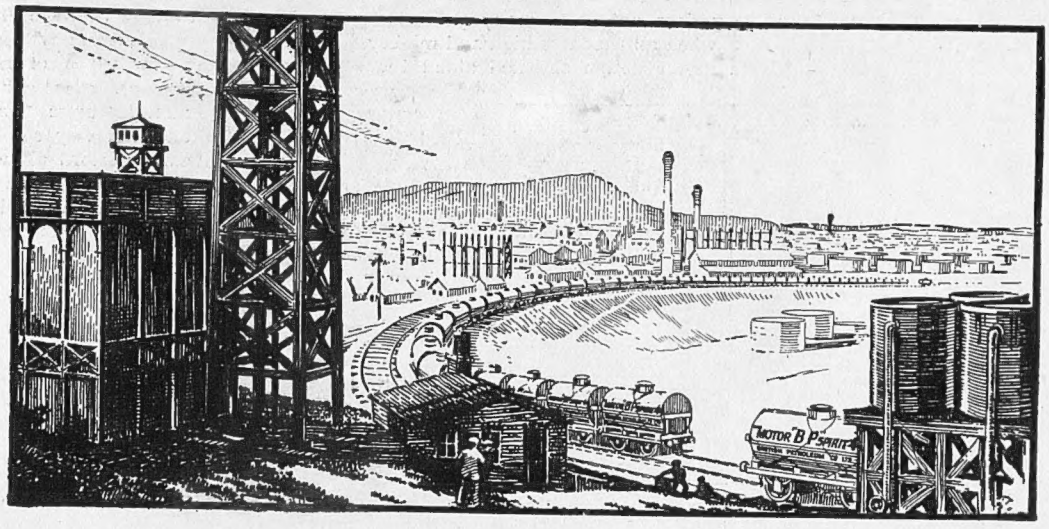
Chassis .. £365

Willys Overland Crossley, Ltd., Heaton Chapel, Manchester.

London Showrooms: 151-153, Great Portland Street, W.1.

£465



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Three Years of Work— Three Millions of Money

This is what it cost to build the great new refinery of the Anglo-Persian Oil Co., Ltd., at Llandarcy, Wales, where "BP" Motor Spirit is made.

No expense has been spared, no resource of chemical and industrial science has been neglected to make this refinery the most efficient in existence. It represents the newest and highest development of refining practice.

With the best possible crude oil—the product of the famous Persian field—and the best possible refinery, the refined product is bound to be also the best possible, And the "Best Possible" is "BP."

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Distributing Organization of the

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MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

I have come to the conclusion that their testers must be all on the short side. Still this is a very easy thing to do, but it is a job which has to be done.

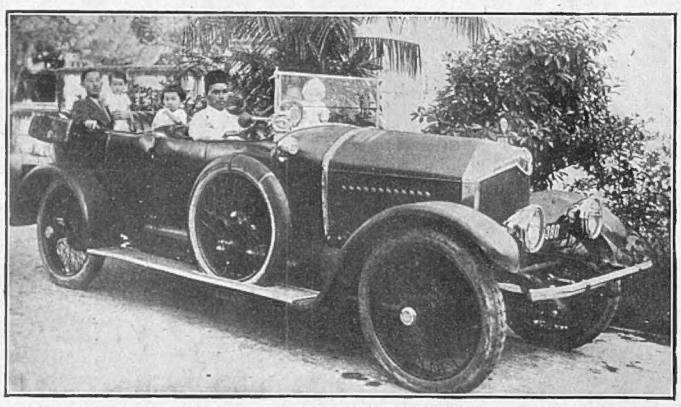
* * *

IRELAND has given Henry Ford something to think about now, with the new 33 1-3 per cent. tariff on cars imported from England to the Free State. As may be generally known, the Manchester factory draws a certain number of engines from the Cork works of H.F., and the remainder from the Canadian works. The chassis are manufactured and assembled at Manchester, and then, such as are demanded, re-imported to Ireland. This applies equally to the Ford car and the Ford 1 ton vans. Now it is suggested that the Irish Free State will impose an export duty to England on manufactured goods, so that this will affect the Ford engine units made at the Cork factory to the extent of over £20 per unit. As the Manchester Ford factory turned out 11,300 motor lorries—"trucks," as they call them—in 1922, irrespective of the passenger private cars, this suggested export duty will cut a big slice out of the profits. Or shall we see the price of these vehicles increased to English, Scotch, and Welsh users? Perhaps now, the suggested Southampton works project will materialise, and the engines will be made in England as well as at Cork.

* * *

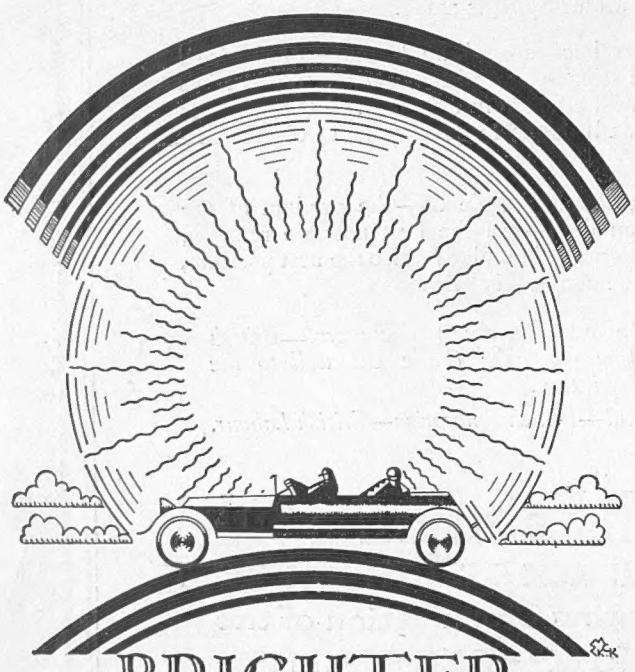
IT does not seem many years ago when all that was high and mighty in motor design shrieked aloud that no motor-car engine could really be efficient which had its bore less than 90 mm. for its cylinders. Yet, lo and behold! to-day, we have a twelve-cylinder racing-car entered for the French "two litre" Grand Prix race by M. Louis Delage, with its cylinders of only 42 mm. bore and 90 mm. stroke—a row of little jam-pots. One wonders whether this is not rather overdoing the value of multi-cylinder engines, in order to produce as near as is possible a continuous torque in fond emulation of the steam engine. All the same, we shall all welcome the experiment, and are jolly glad to know that the French firms have got sufficient money to spend on developing new types of racing engines. Alas! our poor manufacturers frankly and honestly say they cannot afford a race in the Isle of Man this year, and very likely not even next year or the year after that, if things don't improve a bit. British manufacturers want to get as many "pulls off the same mould." In other words, they must continue the same models in sufficient quantities until they have knocked down the overhead charges, including jigs and all the other paraphernalia which each model requires. And very wise of them, too. I hope the public will give them plenty of orders, as I do not think there is going to be a great deal to alter in the improvement of the present editions of their cars for the next couple of years.

OLD HY.

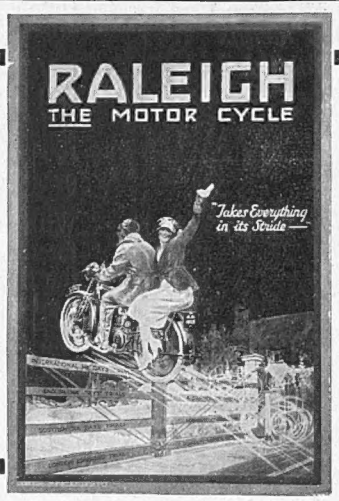


MIDST PALM AND PINE

Motoring in Java is evidently a serious affair, to judge by the expression of these little Javanese children who are being taken out by their father, Lim Tjhioe Kwie, in his new Crossley car



BRIGHTER MOTORING ON SHELL



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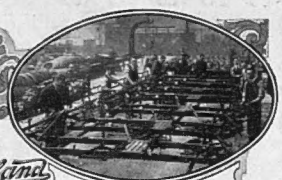
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A postcard will bring the model you suggest. Your enquiry places you under no obligation.

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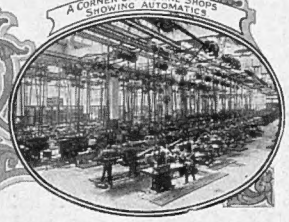
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These pipes can be obtained from most high-class tobacconists. If you wish, we can supply you with the name of your nearest retailer. From friends abroad who cannot obtain our pipes locally, we cordially invite enquiries and information as to the nearest importer.

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Ciro Pearls

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On receipt of One Guinea we will send you a necklet of Ciro Pearls, 16 inches long, with gold clasp in dainty box, or any other Ciro Pearl jewel in hand-made gold settings. If, after comparing them with real or other artificial pearls, they are not found equal to the former or superior to the latter, return them to us within 15 days and we will refund your money.

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